(ENGLISH MEDIUM)

ENGLISH READER

CLASS VIII PART-II

SIND TEXTBOOK BOARD

ENGLISH READER

CLASS VIII—PART II

FOR

(ENGLISH MEDIUM)

067

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بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

1—EID WITHOUT FINE CLOTHES

Imagine the times of Caliph Omar bin Abdul Aziz. The scene is the capital of the Empire of Islam, Damascus. The holy month of Ramazan is coming to a close. The people of the city go about with bright faces. They are happy because they have fasted throughout the month. They are also joyful because Eidul Fitr, the most joyous Muslim festival is at hand. The shopping centres of the city are crowded with people who are buying for themselves new clothes, new shoes, and such other articles. Women and children are more particularly active because Eid is always a special occasion for them.

This is the reign of Omar bin Abdul Aziz who has succeeded his cousin Sulaiman. Omar is descended on his mother's side from Hazrat Omar the Great. He is so just and pious that people feel the days of the pious Caliphs have returned. He is lovingly called Omar II. Omar has inherited an empire which is bigger than any empire known before. He rules over Arabia, Iraq, Syria, Egypt, North Africa, Spain, the

Mediterranean Islands, Persia, parts of north-west India and Central Asia. The greater part of the known and civilized world is under his sway. Untold treasures flow into the *Baitul Mal*, or the public treasury, and are distributed among the people or spent in looking after them.

The Caliph's children also desire new clothes for the coming Eid. They would like to appear as well-dressed as their friends and relatives. They go to their mother Fatima who is the daughter of a Caliph, the sister of the last two Caliphs and the wife of the present one. She sends the children to Omar with the request that they might be provided with new clothes. Omar is pleased to see them. He remains so busy with his duties that he does not get much time to talk to them. When he has finished his work, he asks them to state their wishes. They say, "Father, we want new clothes for the coming Eid. The parents of all our friends have purchased new and nice things for their children. When are we going to get ours ?"

Omar looks at them in silence for a while and then says, "Your new clothes are also ready. You can go to Khayar Basri and he will give you what has been prepared for you."

The children turn happily and go to Khayar. They ask him to give them the clothes made for them. Khayar looks at their happy faces for a moment and then goes in. He brings out suits of clothes. They are new but of the coarsest and the cheapest material. He tells them to take away what they like. The children look disappointed. The elder one says, "These clothes are not fit to be worn by the children and grandchildren of Caliphs. We want expensive and nice clothes like those of our friends." Khayar shakes his head and says, "I am afraid I have nothing else for you. These are the clothes for the children of the Commander of the Faithful and these you must take if you wish."

The children turn away in disappointment and go to their mother. They complain bitterly. Fatima sends a request to her pious husband that she would like to speak to him. Omar goes into the house when he is free from his duties. Fatima says, "The children have seen the clothes Khayar has got for them. They do not like those and wish to have better ones. Can't they get some fine clothes even on Eid?" Omar answers, "I am but a poor labourer. I can give to my children what I can afford and no more."

Fatima asks, "Are you not the Caliph and the ruler of the mighty Muslim Empire?" Omar answers, "I am indeed the Caliph of the Muslims which means that I am their servant, and their guardian, not their ruler."

Fatima: "Do we have no claim on the *Baitul Mal*? Can't we take even so much from it as will buy our children some nice new clothes once in a year?"

Omar: "Fatima, I am the guardian of the treasury. It belongs to the people. I have no right to draw money for my children's clothes."

Fatima: "All right. But we can borrow money from it. When some of our own money comes we will repay it to the *Baitul Mal*."

Omar: "Are you quite sure that we will live until we can repay the debt? What if I die before that happens? How will I face my Creator?" This answer of the Caliph silences his wife. She understands how Omar feels and argues no further. Omar calls his children to him and says, "You are dearer to me than my life. Would you like to see your father earn the displeasure of God?"

The children look up and say, "No, father, we would never like that."

The Caliph kisses them and says, "That is why I cannot cheat the *Baitul Mal* and give you nice and new things. Accept the rough clothes that your father can afford to give you so that you and your parents can be dressed in the robe of God's pleasure on the Day of Judgement." The children kiss back their father and say, "We are perfectly happy to wear the clothes that you can give us and will not ask for anything else."

Thus the children of Caliph Omar bin Abdul Aziz, the greatest ruler of his times, celebrate their Eid without fine clothes and are happy because they feel the joy that comes by doing what is right.

This is just one of the many incidents in the life of the great Caliph. When you grow up you will read more about him in your history books. He tried to follow the example of the blessed Prophet as closely as he could. Here are some more stories of the spirit in which he performed the duties of his office. He was once doing some official work at night under the light of a lamp. The oil for the lamp had been brought from the public treasury. While the Caliph was busy, a friend arrived, and began talking of matters personal to the Caliph. Omar blew out the lamp.

The man asked in surprise, "Why, Sir, have you put out the light?" Omar answered, "The oil in the lamp belongs to the *Baitul Mal* and its light could only be used for performing public duties. Since what you are talking concerns me privately I cannot use this lamp."

Once a man sent him a packet of dates as a present. These had been brought to him in a public vehicle. When he came to know of this he refused to accept the present and sent it to the market to be sold. One of the Caliph's relatives, who knew of the incident, bought it and presented it again to Omar who deposited the price of the present with the *Baitul Mal* and accepted the gift.

Once his daughter sent him a pearl saying, "If you find me another one like this from the *Baitul Mal*, I shall get pendants made for my ears." Omar sent her two live coals with the message, "My dear daughter, if you can wear these in your ears I shall send you a pearl like yours." The Caliph's daughter understood and withdrew her request.

Omar was as kind-hearted as he was honest. He never ill-treated anyone nor would he put anyone to unnecessary inconvenience. He sat one night talking to a guest. Gradually the oil in the lamp was nearly burnt up. The guest said, "May I wake up the servant sleeping here?" The Caliph answered, "No, there is no need for that." The guest said, "May I put some oil in the lamp?" Omar answered, "It would be most unmannerly on my part to ask my guest to serve me." He then got up, put some olive oil into the lamp, trimmed the wick and returned to his seat.

He was kind not only to human beings but also to animals. He never took any salary from the *Baitul Mal*, though he had a right to it. He maintained himself on the meagre income that he received from some property he owned and from what his servant earned by hiring out a mule that belonged to Omar. The amount that the servant usually brought was one *dirham* a day. One day he presented two *dirhams* to his master instead of one. "How have you earned double the usual amount today?" asked Omar. "The rates of payment were higher today than usual," answered the servant. "No, it seems you have made the mule work harder and longer today. Let it, therefore, rest for the next two days." Omar said quietly.

He once ordered that the drivers of the animals in the postal department should use neither switches with pointed ends nor heavy harness and reins. On another occasion he wrote to the Governor of Egypt, "I have been informed that pack-camels in Egypt are made to carry burdens up to 1,000 *ratals*. I wish you to know that from now on it is your responsibility to ensure that no pack-camel has to carry loads of over 600 *ratals*. (*Ratal* is a measure of weight nearly equal to half a kilogram).

In short, Omar bin Abdul Aziz lived a life of utmost piety and simplicity. He was the poorest and the humblest man in the Muslim world at a time when he ruled the richest and the mightiest empire in the world.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. Where do the events of the story happen?
2. Who is the Caliph?
3. What month of the year is it ?
4. Why are the people feeling happy ?
5. What do the Caliph's children want ?

6. Why do they return unhappy to their mother ?
7. What does Fatima ask of Omar ?
8. What is his answer ?
9. What does he tell his children ?
10. Why are they happy in the end ?

B—Composition

Relate any *two* of these incidents in *your own words.*

C—Grammar

You have already done several exercises in direct and reported speech. Now look at the following example :

Direct: They say, "Father, we want new clothes for the coming Eid. All our friends have got nice presents from their parents. When are we going to get ours?"

Indirect : They tell their father that they want new clothes for the coming Eid *and added* that all their friends have got nice presents. *They ask* when they are going to get theirs.

Sometimes a speech consists of more than one sentence as above. In such cases each sentence is usually given a new reporting verb, such as *add* and *ask*, as needed.

Now change the following into indirect speech:

1. Omar says, "Your new clothes are also ready. You can go to Khayar Basri and he will give you what has been prepared for you."
2. The elder boy says, "These clothes are not fit to be worn by the children and grandchildren of **Caliphs.** We want expensive and nice clothes like those that our friends have."
3. Khayar says sadly, "I have nothing else for you. These are the clothes for the children of the Commander of the Faithful and these you must take if you wish."
4. Fatima says, "The children have seen the clothes Khayar has got for them. They do not like those clothes and wish to have nicer ones. Can't they get some fine clothes even on Eid ?"
5. Omar answers, "I am but a poor labourer. I can give to my children what I can afford and no more."

Look at the following example :

Direct : Fatima says, "Are you not the Caliph of the mighty Muslim Empire ?"

Omar says, "I am indeed the Caliph of the Muslims, which means that I am their servant and their guardian, not their ruler."

Reported : Fatima *asks Omar* if he is not the Caliph of the mighty Muslim Empire.

Omar *answers* that he is indeed the Caliph of the Muslims, which means that he is their servant and their guardian, not their ruler.

You will notice that when in the direct speech a question is asked, three additional changes are made in changing it into reported speech.

1. The reporting verb is changed into 'asked' or 'enquired' or 'questioned.'

2. If the question begins with the verb (and not with a question-word like when, how, why, where, who, whose, whom) the word 'if' is added.

3. The question mark is replaced by a full stop.

Now change the following conversation into reported speech (The reporting verb should be in the present tense).

Fatima : Do we have no claim on the *Baitul Mal* ?

Omar : I am the guardian of the treasury. It belongs to the people.

Fatima : Can't we take even so much from it as will buy our children some nice new clothes once in a year ?

Omar : I have no right to take money for my children's clothes.

Fatima : But we can borrow money from it. When some of our own money comes we will repay it to the *Baitul Mal.*

Omar : Are you quite sure that we will live until we can repay the debt ?

Omar : (to his children) : Would you like to see your father earn the displeasure of God ?

2—THE LITTLE FISH THAT WOULD NOT DO AS IT WAS BID

"Dear mother," said a little fish,
"Pray is not that a fly ?

I'm very hungry, and I wish
You'd let me go and try." 4

"Sweet innocent," the mother cried,
And started from her nook,
"That horrid fly is put to hide
The sharpness of the hook." 8

Now, as I've heard, this little trout
Was young and foolish too,
And so he thought he'd venture out,
To see if it were true. 12

And round about the hook he played,
With many a longing look,
And "Dear me," to himself he said,
"I'm sure that's not a hook. 16

I can but give one little pluck :
Let's see, and so I will."

So on he went, and lo! it stuck
Quite through his little gill.

And as he faint and fainter grew,
With hollow voice he cried,
"Dear mother, had I minded you
I need not now have died."

[*Jane and Ann Taylor*]

Notes :

Line 6 nook = corner
11 venture out=be bold, take the risk
14 longing=eager.
23 minded = listened

3 –THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Long long ago there was a country called Phrygia. It was a very rich country, for its people worked hard. They reared sheep, grew grapes and quarried marble. They sold wool, meat, wine and marble blocks to the Greeks, the Babylonians and the Egyptians and received gold in return. The Phrygians were a race of happy and contented people and they led good and useful lives.

They once came to be ruled by a king named Midas. He was not a very sensible man. Since he had everything he could wish for, he did not care to learn what was really valuable in life. Like most foolish people, he came to love gold for its own sake. He would do all he could to acquire and hoard more and more gold. When his wife died he was left with only one little daughter. She was called Phylomilla and was the prettiest child in the country. Midas loved her dearly, but, after his wife's death, he came to love gold even more than ever. He had a strong room built under his apartments and filled it with his hoard of gold. Light entered this dungeon only through a small ventilator and Midas sat there for hours playing with his wealth and looking at it in the beam of sunlight that entered through the ventilator.

The ancient story says that one evening Midas was walking in his garden, thinking of ways and means to increase his hoard, when he saw a stranger lying asleep in the bushes. The king immediately recognised the stranger as a friend of one of their gods, Bacchus. Midas woke up the stranger, gave him food and drink, served him well and took him to Bacchus. The god was so pleased with this service that he allowed the king to name his reward. Midas did not think twice.

"Grant me this boon then," he cried eagerly, that whatever I touch may turn to gold." Bacchus laughed and said, "It shall be as you wish." Midas's face beamed with joy when he heard this and his greedy heart leapt in his breast. He knew now that thenceforth his wealth would be boundless. He was eager to test his newly-received power and as he walked through the wood he tore off a twig and lo! his touch had turned it into yellow gold. How lovely were the golden leaves with their delicate lines and veins ! He picked up stones from the path and they too became pure gold. Even clods of common earth were turned to glittering nuggets as soon as he had **handled** them. In his limitless greed he touched this thing and that and asked his attendants to carry all the gold thus made, so that they were soon groaning under the weight they had to carry.

They had not gone far when Midas felt tired. He was surprised for he was not a weak, lazy man. He was feeling heavy. He looked at himself and suddenly he realised that his silken clothes had also turned to gold. His shoes and cap were no longer leather and wool but pure, glittering gold. That was what had made him so heavy and made him feel tired so soon. Midas ordered that a mule should be brought for him, but as soon as he mounted it the mule stood a lifeless image of excellent brilliance !

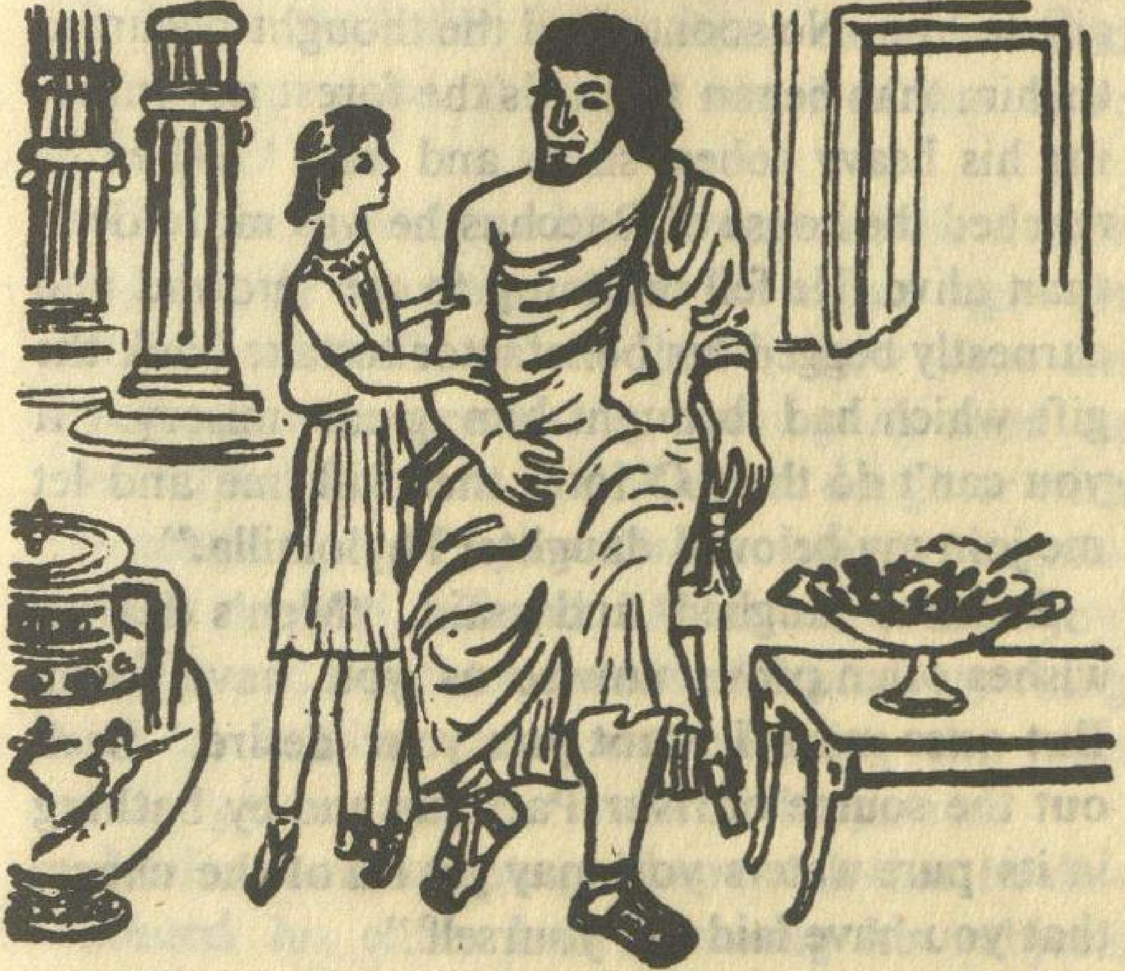
Somehow Midas got home. As he entered his palace he touched its doors, walls, columns, pillars, curtains and furniture and he was greatly delighted to see shining yellow gold all round. With a sigh of contentment he went to his room because it was already night and he was exhausted. He threw himself on his soft and comfortable bed; it turned into hard gold as soon as his body had touched it. Midas felt very uncomfortable and cold on this new bed and much greater was his misery when his pillows became lumps of hard metal and his luxurious, soft blanket of the finest wool turned into heavy, hard sheet of gold.

Midas spent a most miserable night, but when he awoke, his greed had overcome his discomfort and he rushed into his garden. There he touched all the trees and flowering bushes which turned into gold. As the sun rose and its first rays fell on the plants and creepers in the king's garden every leaf, every petal, every blade of grass shone and sparkled. But alas! the many colours of the garden were all gone. It was yellow all around. The deep green of leaves, the bright green of grass, the blue, purple, red and pink of flowers had all been replaced by the paleness of gold. Midas felt somewhat uneasy, but he consoled himself with the idea that he had become richest of all kings of the world.

After the morning's exertion Midas felt hungry. He also remembered that he had not eaten anything since his meal with Bacchus the previous day. Eager to have a good breakfast he ran in and ordered a sumptuous meal to be laid. Obedient attendants brought in basins of hot water for their lord to wash his hands. But as Midas plunged his hands into it, the water at once froze into golden ice. Midas felt terrified but he sat down to eat, with his dear child Phylomilla sitting in front of him. Midas was happy at the sight of his innocent child and he also felt satisfied with the rich meal that had been set for him. Hastily he picked up a piece of meat and put it into his mouth but his teeth could not bite. It had turned into gold. He tried to swallow a spoonful of porridge but it changed to gold dust and nearly choked him. Midas was now filled with terror and sat helpless, not knowing what to do. At last, he decided to eat something so quickly that it would have no time to change into gold before he swallowed it. He, therefore, grabbed a hot, boiled egg and slipped it into his mouth, but he howled with pain and jumped up from his chair of gold because the egg had turned into a burning piece of metal.

Phylomilla was very sad at the plight of her father. Whenever she felt sad she went into the garden and foundcomfort in the beauty of flowers and in the company of birds that sang in the trees. This morning, too, she left the breakfast table and went into the palace garden. A strange sight awaited her. There was complete silence everywhere. Not a bird sang in the trees. Not a leaf stirred in the breeze. Not a bee buzzed over a flower and no sweet smell reached her. There was no colour, no beauty and no life. All around her was only the dazzling brilliance of yellow gold which filled her mind with grief. Phylomilla sobbed in anguish and went rushing to her father.

"Oh, father," she cried, "what have you done to my lovely garden !" Her sorrow choked her and she wept bitterly. Midas was so moved by the anguish of his only child that he took her to his breast without realising what he was doing, and the moment he touched her she was changed to a gold statue of herself. The king's grief was immeasurable. He howled like a wounded animal and rushed about like a mad man. He tore his hair and cursed his greed which had deprived him of his only daughter whom he loved so dearly. Some of his faithful attendants tried to console the king but whoever touched the unhappy man, turned in an instant, to a



yellow statue. The servants were so terrified of their master that they all ran away from him to save their lives. Soon the palace which had been so full of life and noise became as silent as a graveyard. All round Midas stood columns and statues of gold. The yellow colour of the metal which he had so loved seemed to burn his eyes.

Suddenly a thought occurred to Midas. He must run to Bacchus, report the results of his folly and beg to be allowed to return the god's gift to him. No sooner had the thought occurred to him than he ran towards the forest not minding his heavy robes, shoes and cap. When he reached the house of Bacchus he was more dead than alive. He fell moaning to the ground and earnestly begged his benefactor to take back the gift which had brought him great misery. "If you can't do that, O lord, then kill me and let me join my beloved daughter Phylomilla."

Bacchus laughed and said, "Men's dearest wishes often prove unwise, as you have seen. But once more I grant you your desire. Seek out the source of river Pactolus and by bathing in its pure waters you may get rid of the charm that you have laid on yourself."

Without uttering a word of gratitude, Midas set off for the healing stream. Driven on by his deep anguish he panted over mountains and plains till he came to the Pactolus whose sandy bed was streaked with gold wherever he trod. Men say that scales of gold may still be gathered from the river-bed to mark Midas's footprints. When he reached its cool fountain he flung himself into it and its crystal water was turned golden. No sooner had he plunged his head into the water, than that fatal gift was washed away. To his unspeakable joy Midas came out and was able to drink the cool water of the river like other men.

He filled a pitcher with the water of the stream and carried it to his palace. He felt so light at heart, as well as in body, now that the weight of water seemed as nothing. As soon as he reached home he sprinkled his daughter with the magic water. Phylomilla immediately regained her original self and Midas wept with joy. Father and daughter then sprinkled every-thing with the healing water, not forgetting the trees of the garden and the walls of the palace.

Midas came to hate gold so much that he distributed his entire hoard among his subjects and from that day delighted only in the simple things of life.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. Who was Midas ?
2. What did he love most ?
3. What did he do in the dungeon ?
4. What did he ask of Bacchus ?
5. How did Bacchus grant his wish ?

6. What was the first discomfort which Midas felt ?
7. What did he love more, his daughter or his gold ?
8. Why could he not sleep in comfort ?
9. What made him wish that he could get rid of the fatal gift ?
10. What did Bacchus say to Midas in the end?

B—Composition

1. Describe in 150—200 words what Midas did after receiving the gift from Bacchus.
2. Imagine you are an attendant of the palace of Midas . Relate to your friends what happened on the day when Midas turned his daughter into a lump of gold.

C—Grammar

Let us revise sequence of tenses *i.e.* the way in which tenses follow each other. Look at these :

He says that he is ready.
He says that he will be ready.

He will say that he is ready.
He will say that he was ready.

He said that he was ready.

These examples show that if the verb in the main clause of a sentence is in the present or future, the verb in the subordinate clause may be in any tense. A past tense in the main clause is, however, followed by a past tense.

Fill in the blanks with the correct form of the verbs in the brackets.

1. It was a rich country for its people—— hard. (to work)
2. They sold wool and——gold. (to receive)
3. She was called Phylomilla and——the prettiest child in the country. (to be)
4. Midas had a strong room built under his appartments and —— it with his hoard. (to fill)
5. He put a piece of meat in his mouth but his teeth——not bite. (can)
6. Great was his misery when his pillows— lumps of gold. (to become)
7. He filled a pitcher and——it back to his palace. (to carry)
8. As soon as he reached home he——his daughter with the magic water. (to sprinkle)
9. When he reached its cool fountain he ——himself into it and the crystal water— turned golden. (to flung; to be)
10. Midas hated gold so much that he—— even his own hoard among his people and from that day—— only in the simple things of life. (to distribute; to delight.)

4—DEEDS OF KINDNESS

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hand its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up!"

How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve
To miss it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away!"

The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way.

Would we not miss the smallest
　And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
　If they were talking so ? 24

How many deeds of kindness
　A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
　And little wisdom too ! 28

It wants a loving spirit
　Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
　For others by its love. 32

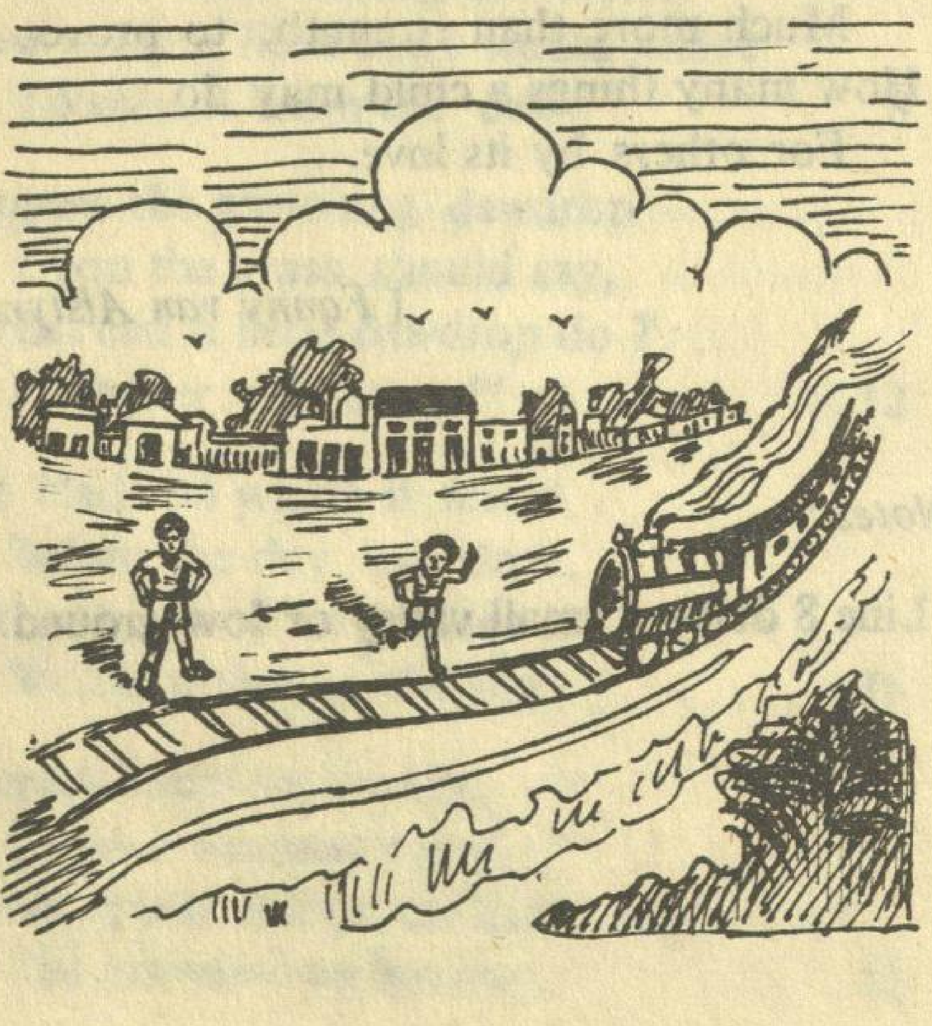
[*Fanny van Alstyne*]

Notes :

Line 8 dell—a small valley or low ground.

5 –THOMAS ALVA EDISON

It was a small, countryside railway station. An engine was shunting on the railway track and the station master stood talking to a lad named Thomas who sold newspapers to passengers. Suddenly, the lad jumped in front of the engine, grabbed a child who had strayed on to the track, and jumped back or was thrown back



by the engine which rolled on unconcerned. Thomas was helped to stand up by the station master whose little son's life he had saved risking his own. The station master could find no words to thank the brave and generous boy. He possessed no wealth to reward him with. However, he knew something that he could teach the boy —how to send telegraphic messages—and that he offered to teach Thomas. Edison was overjoyed for he had ardently wished to be a telegraphist and gladly accepted the offer. This proved to be a turning point in the life of Edison whose amazing career astonished and benefited mankind.

Thomas Alva Edison, known for short as 'Al' to his parents and friends, was born in Milan, Ohio, in the United States of America, on 11th February, 1847. From his babyhood 'Al' was the busiest, the happiest, and the most curious boy in the village. Strange to say, he had hardly any schooling at all. His father sent him to school, but the teacher could do nothing with him. The boy spent all the lesson-time drawing on his slate, but refused to answer any of the teacher's questions. At last, in despair she told him that he was a dunce and 'Al' returned home to tell his mother that he

would not go to school again. Mrs. Edison had been a teacher herself, and from that day she began teaching him herself. 'Al' became so fond of study that he soon finished every book in the town library.

'Al' was interested most of all in chemistry. He managed to get hold of some books on this subject and, at the age of ten, decided to have a laboratory of his own in the celler. As he needed money for his experiments he determined to earn some. He started his first business venture—growing vegetables in the kitchen garden and selling them to neighbours. The demand far exceeded what 'Al' could supply and he decided to go by train to the town every few days and buy vegetables for his customers. With his earnings he bought books on chemistry and equipment for chemical experiments.

'Al' soon extended his business by making use of the time he spent in travelling. First he took copies of the town newspaper with him and sold them at the railway station. Then he hit on the idea of producing his own newspaper in the luggage van of the train. And so, at 15, 'Al' became the owner, reporter, editor and printer of "the first newspaper to be printed on a train"

Soon the circulation rose to 400 copies at three cents each and 'Al' was a rich boy.

One day the train was late and the driver had to drive faster than usual to make up for the lost time. The coaches swayed wildly and a stick of phosphorus from Edison's effects fell down and within a few seconds the van was on fire. The guard stopped the train and the fire was put out with some difficulty. Poor 'Al's possessions—printing press, test tubes, vegetables, books and chemicals were all thrown out on to the platform. Finally, 'Al' himself was sent flying from the train with a box on the ear. He felt a sharp pain, reeled and fell in the midst of the wreckage. When he got up, he realised that he had become deaf in one ear.

'Al' continued printing his news sheet from his home for sometime, but then he decided to become a telegraphist. However he could not find a teacher who would help him until the incident related at the beginning of this story. 'Al' studied with the grateful station master for four months and then at 16, he got his first job as a telegraphist with a railway company and it was here that he made his first invention. To make sure that the night staff was awake and alert the company required them to send a signal to the headquarters punctually every hour. Edison invented a device and fixed it to the station clock that transmitted the required signal to the headquarters punctually. Once, for some reason, headquarters called him back by telegraph just after they had received his signal. There was no reply. An Inspector was sent to check up and he found 'Al' fast asleep. Consequently, he was dismissed.

But there were several railway companies and many stations. For five years Edison led a wandering life as a 'tramp operator', often out of job, but working hard on his ideas for inventions. The young man spent nearly all he earned on books and apparatus. When he had finished his daily work in the telegraph office he went into a small workshop and worked at all kinds of inventions. His friends, however, thought that he was wasting his abilities at small, wayside railway stations and urged him to go to New York, and there, at last, he went, with just one dollar in his pocket. When he reached New York he was so hungry that he had to beg a cup of tea for breakfast.

He went on tramping through the streets in search of a friend who had gone to the big city before him. At last, the young man found his friend who lent him a dollar and gave him permission to sleep in a machine room of the telegraph company for which he worked. The room contained a lot of complicated machinery for sending out the latest news to the offices around. Edison had been living in that room for three days and was wondering what to do next, for he had spent the last cent, when he realised that something had gone wrong with the machines. The machines had stopped suddenly and the technicians were unable to locate the defect. The chief of the company was tearing his hair and shouting at his workmen to do something. "I think I can fix it," said a quiet voice behind him. The chief turned round to face a young man he had never seen before. "All right," he cried, "get it going if you can." Very soon Edison had discovered the trouble and the machines were at work again. The chief was so delighted that he made Edison his technical supervisor at 70 dollars a week. Edison wondered what he would do with such a lot of money!

While looking after his machines Edison thought out and planned better ones and within a year he had designed an entirely new system. He offered it to his chief who asked how much he would want for the patent rights in the machine. Edison thought that 5000 dollars would be wonderful, but he was prepared to accept 3000. However, he feared that if he asked for that amount he might be thrown out. He therefore, left it to his chief who offered him 40,000 dollars. Edison almost fainted away with excitement and thought he had not heard aright. Three days later, he received the cheque and the cashier played a joke on him by paying out the entire sum in small banknotes. Edison lay awake all night lest a burglar should carry away the money. The next day his chief helped him to open his first bank account.

With the money he had earned Edison opened a large laboratory and for the next few years he worked on a number of inventions in the field of telegraphy. He employed nearly three hundred men and in the next six years perfected one hundred and twenty-two inventions. He made it possible to send many messages along the same wire at the same time whereas only one message could be sent at a time along one line before this. This saved the tremendous expenses of laying a large number of lines. Previously only telegraphic signs dot (.) and dash (—) could be sent along a wire. Edison made a machine that could send and print letters instead of the symbols. His machine would send out messages automatically and another machine, at the other end, would take down these messages. He also helped in the invention of the typewriter.

Edison was never tired of work. He ate only when he was hungry and rested only when he could work no more. Normally he worked for 18 or 19 hours a day and had as much fun in his work as a boy at football. Sometimes he worked in his laboratory for days on end, only lying down on a bench now and then to snatch a short sleep.

In 1876, when he was twenty-nine, he built himself a whole village of laboratories at Menlo Park. That year Bell's telephone, of which you have read in an earlier book, was shown at an exhibition. Edison saw it. Bell's telephone sent such weak messages that they could not be heard at all over a long distance. Edison set to work and so improved the instrument that the voice could be heard clearly as far as the wire stretched. The part Edison improved he named the microphone and it is used for transmitting the voice to this day.

Edison next busied himself with the idea of a machine that would talk. When he asked one of his assistants to make a machine with the help of the sketch Edison had drawn, the man was puzzled. It looked such a strange idea. The machine was, however, ready within a day or two. Edison placed it on the table in front of himself, turned its handle and spoke :

Mary had a little lamb ;
Its fleece was white as snow ;

Then he put the needle of the machine back at the starting point and turned the handle again. Everyone present, including the great inventor, was staggered when there came the faint but clear words out of the machine. A human voice had been captured for the first time in history. Soon the news spread all over America. Edison had invented a machine that talked. Crowds flocked to Menlo Park to hear for themselves and soon the inventor was asked to go to Washington to show his machine to the President of the United States. His name became famous the world over within a few weeks and he came to be known as "The Wizard of Menlo Park".

After the success of the phonograph, his mind soon turned to another problem, which scientists and inventors in many countries had been unable to solve—the problem of producing light from electricity. He wanted to find some substance which would give a continuous, bright light when an electric current was passed through it. Edison made a search for the required material with infinite patience and resourcefulness. He tried everything he could lay his hands on—from coconut shells to the red hair of one of his visitors. His first success was achieved with ordinary sewing thread. It was carbonised and carefully placed in a bulb from which air had been expelled. Edison switched on the current. The thread began to glow with a pleasant, yellowish light and continued to glow. Edison sat watching anxiously. Minutes passed ; then an hour ; then another, and another. The thread still glowed. Edison began to hope. Will it glow much longer ? It glowed for 40 hours and Edison sat watching it all the time. Thus, was the electric bulb invented. Within a year Edison had developed this lamp so well that it continued to give light for five hundred hours and could be produced on a large scale at a reasonable price. On 4th September, 1882, 140,000 Edison lamps in a district of New York burst into a bright and soft brilliance and people flocked to see this new magic of the Wizard of Menlo Park.

Edison then turned his mind to the invention of the movie camera which was produced together with a suitable 'projector' to show silent films.In 1912, he combined the 'phonograph' and the 'cinematograph' to make the first talking film.

It would take hundreds of pages to tell of Edison's numerous inventions. There is hardly a technical and scientific field to which he did not apply his fertile brain. We can have some idea of the enormous amount of work he did when we realise that he took out 2,500 patents for the inventions he had made. The secret of his success lay in an enquiring mind and a nature that never tired of hard work. He once said that genius was only one per cent inspiration and 99 per cent perspiration. He was actively at work almost to the day of his death in October 1931.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. Which incident proved to be a turning point in Edison's life?
2. What was Edison's first business venture?
3. What use did he make of the time he spent on the train?
4. What was the first misfortune he suffered and why?
5. What was his first invention?
6. Which incident helped him begin his career in New York?
7. What were his early inventions?
8. What improvement did he make in Bell's telephone?
9. **Which invention got him the title of 'The Wizard of Menlo Park'?**
10. What was the secret of his success?

B—Composition

1. **Describe in 100—150 words how Edison invented the electric bulb.**
2. **Imagine you are the station master whose child Edison saved from being run over. Describe in your own words the whole incident. Use 150—200 words.**

6–THE UNDERWATER WORLD—PART I

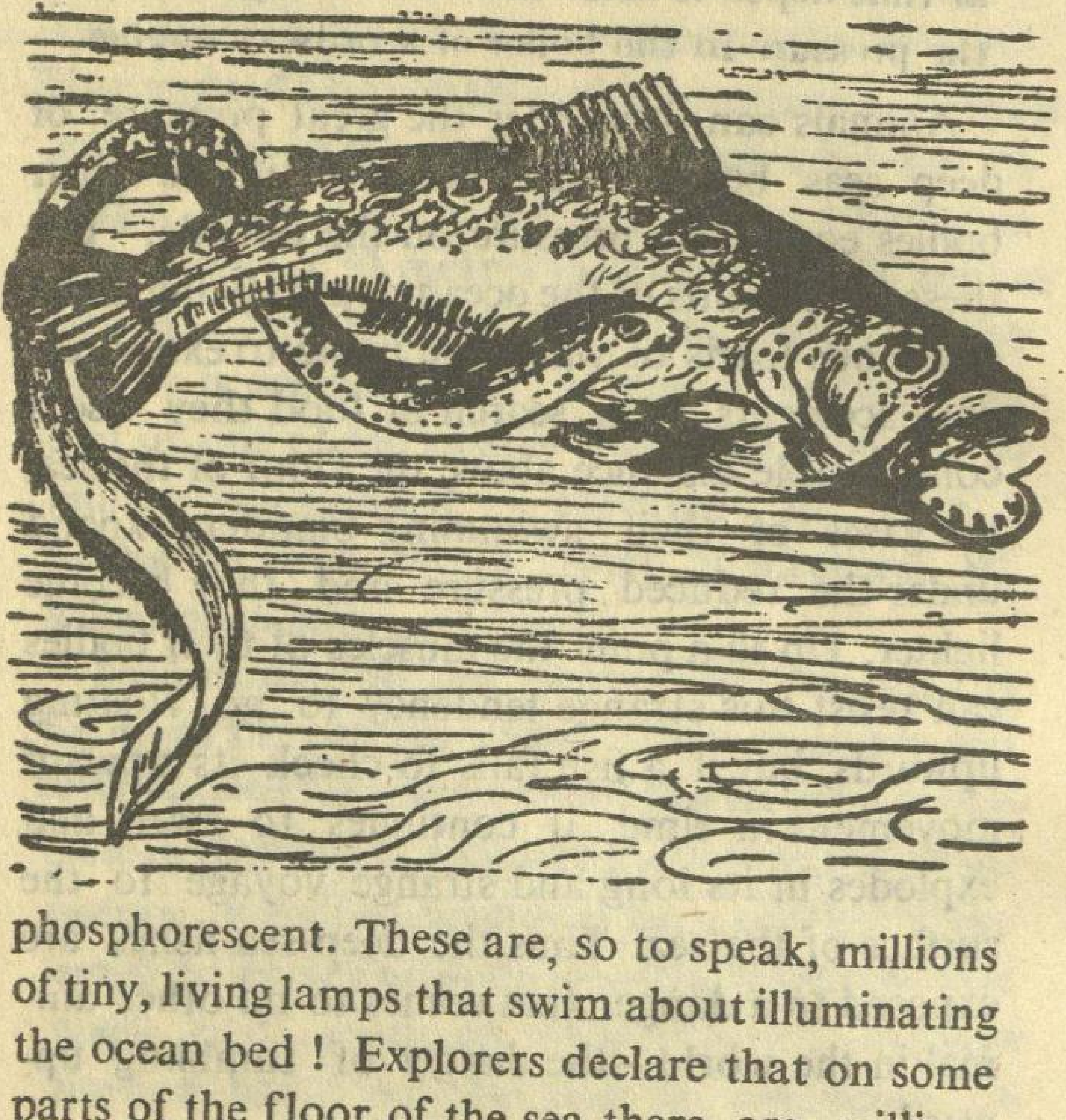
The seas and oceans cover about seventy-two per cent of the earth's surface or 365 million square kilometres.They have an average depth of 4000 meteres with extreme depths of about 11,000 metres. This huge mass of water is inhabited by fish to a depth of over 6000 metres. The rivers lakes and swamps of the land are also inhabited by a wide variety of fishes. Different kinds of fish live in different regions and at different depths, some swimming in open water and others living on the bottom. Fresh water fish are almost entirely different from those of the sea. About 20,000 kinds of fish are known to scientists and there are certainly many more which have not yet been discovered.

Fishes have developed not only in unimaginable numbers but also in bewildering and strange variety. There are old fishes whose form has remained unchanged for hundreds of millions of years, fishes that breathe air as well as water, and fishes that walk or fly as well as swim. There are fishes that bear live young and others that lay eggs. There are round fishes, flat fishes, tube-shaped fishes; there are fishes that migrate thousands of kilometres and others that spend their entire lives in the same hole. There are fishes no bigger than your little finger and others that may grow to 30 metres in length and 80 tons in weight. The quantity of living matter in the oceans is unimaginable. It was once estimated that in one of the smaller seas there were 10,000 million fishes and it is reported that once a fishing fleet ran into a shoal of mackerel 80 kilometres in circumference.

The animals of the oceans are abundantly found in the surface waters down to about 200 metres; their number is much less in the intermediate depths and it becomes more plentiful at the bottom. For a long time men believed that there could be no life in such complete darkness and under such enormous pressure. But modern research has shown now that the bottom of the ocean teems with life. Marvellous indeed is the idea that the creatures living there are under a pressure equal to that which a man would bear if he were lying under 20 railway trains loaded with iron bars. To put it differently, the pressure on every square inch of the body of a creature at that depth is more than 20 times greater than the pressure in the boiler of a railway engine.

Animals can live under the great pressure of deep seas because the pressure inside their bodies equals the pressure on the outside. But these inhabitants of the ocean-depths living under enormous loads of water are liable to extraordinary accidents. If in search of food they rise a considerable distance above the floor of the sea, the gases of their swimming bladders expand under the reduced pressure and they become lighter. Up to a point the muscles of their bodies can resist this strange tendency to go floating upwards, but if a fish fails to check its upward movement in time, it continues to swell and explodes in its long and strange voyage to the surface of the sea. Thus the deep-sea fishes are exposed to a danger that comes to no other animal in the world—the danger of tumbling upward.

In this kingdom of the deep sea—a kingdom of darkness and almost freezing cold—there is a great variety of life. The floor of the sea is a menagerie of animal life. Most deep-sea creatures are more or less blind, or have enormously enlarged eyes and almost all are more or less

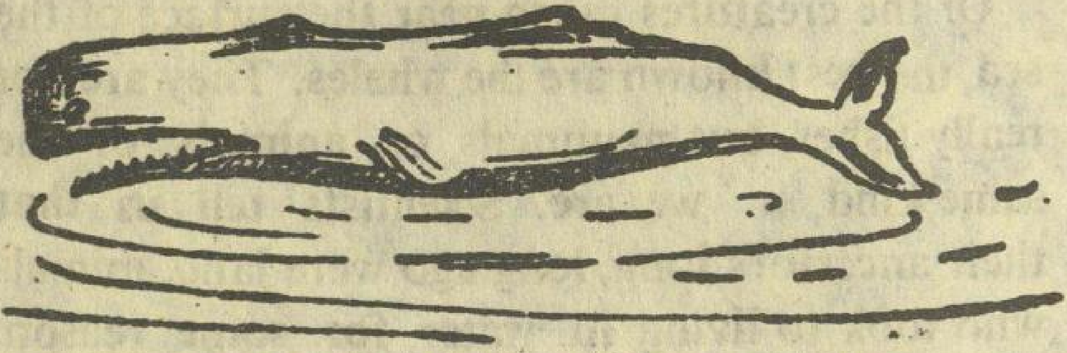


phosphorescent. These are, so to speak, millions of tiny, living lamps that swim about illuminating the ocean bed ! Explorers declare that on some parts of the floor of the sea there are millions of little creatures that shine like glow-lamps. The phosphorescent light of these deep-sea creatures—like the light of the glow-worm—does not mean loss of heat. Even some sharks are able to light up their paths through the deep sea with a white and heatless radiance.

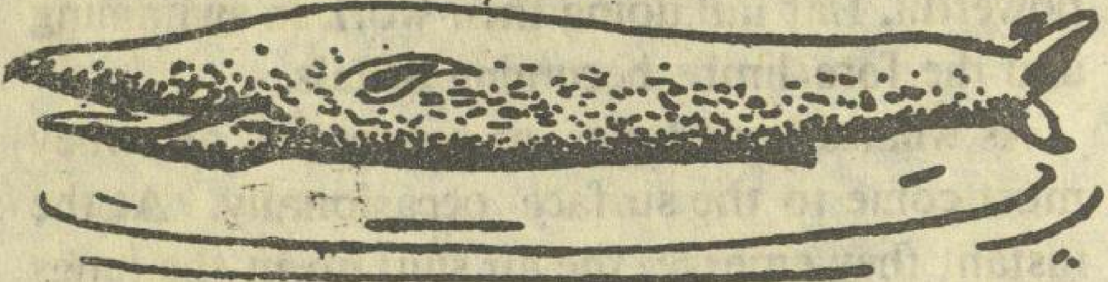
Of the creatures living near the surface of the sea, the best known are the whales. They are not really fishes, but mammals, or animals of the same kind as we are. Scientists tell us that their ancestors long, long ago were land animals who took to living in water for some reason. Their shape in the course of time has become fish-like. Their hind limbs have disappeared, a powerful, flat tail doing their work in swimming and the fore-limbs becoming pedals.

As whales have lungs and breathe air, they must come to the surface occasionally. At the instant they emerge, the air shut up in the lungs is expelled through the nostrils at the top of the nose. This discharge of warm moist breath condenses in the cold air into a visible fountain and whale hunters can spot this from a long distance and follow the whale.

Whales are divided into several classes. Adult whales are huge creatures often 15 to 25 metres long. They are found in all oceans, even in the Arctic ice, and live **entirely** on minute sea-creatures. These are swept into the whale's mouth by **millions** as it rushes along, the **water flowing from the sides of the mouth.** The largest of the whales is the Blue Whale. It



SPERM WHALE 20 METRES



*BLUE WHALE LARGEST OF THEM ALL-
OVER 30 METRES*

is also the largest living animal, sometimes reaching a length of over 30 metres and an estimated weight of 80 tons. A calf, whose mother was 25 metres long, was 8 metres at birth and weighed about 8 tons. The sperm whale reaches a length of 20 to 23 metres and has a great, flat-topped, almost square-fronted head which is about 6 metres long. Its teeth are 20 to 25 centimetres long and timbers of more than one whaling boat attacked and demolished by the furious rush of a sperm whale have been literally chewed and crushed to matchwood in its massive jaws. Whales are hunted for their fat, whale-bone and spermaceti, an oil that fills a vast cavity in the top of the sperm whale's head. A large sperm whale may yield as much as 3 tons of oil.

Another large and dangerous creature is the shark. All sharks are carnivorous (*i.e.* meat-eaters). They are primarily fish eaters, but sea-birds, turtles and even men are part of their diet. They are exceedingly voracious animals and wolf down their food with little regard to what it is. Once in the stomach of a big shark were found bones, grass, feathers, turtle shell, some old cans, a dog's bones and the skull of a cow. Another one had a kerosene oil can in its stomach and yet another was found to have a horse's head and bits of a bicycle in its stomach. Blood in the water has a maddening effect on sharks. A kind of madness called 'feeding frenzy' overtakes them and they charge regardless of all risk. If one of their members is wounded they even turn on their own kind, attacking instantly and with great ferocity. The whale-shark and the basking shark are, however, plankton browsers and are so mild that swimmers have ridden on their backs.

Closely related to the huge and terrible shark are the tiny fishes called skates and rays. They lie half buried in mud or sand and have become flattened from the top into shapes resembling a kite or a banjo. Their mouths are on their undersides and are adapted for grubbing for shell fish and other small, sea-bed dwellers. Some of the skates and a few rays have small electric organs capable of giving a shock. The largest and most powerful of these electric organs are those of the torpedo ray. A large fish of this kind may have as many as 1050 electroplates linked in series on each side of its body and shocks of 220 volts have been measured—more than enough to knock a man down. Another current-producing fish is the electric eel. A metre long fish of this kind may produce a discharge of over 600 volts. The charge is positive towards the head and negative towards the tail. It can be demonstrated with a lamp which lights up momentarily. The discharge is used by fishes both as a defensive weapon and as a weapon to stun the small fishes on which it preys.

Sting rays are named from the dagger-like points near the base of their tail. Each sting has a strip of poisonous tissue. There may be two or even three stings on one animal. The pain from the sting is terrible and death may result from shock or heart failure. Thus even the smallest sting ray should be handled carefully. Even gloves do not guarantee protection—the sting may go right through them. If a swimmer's abdomen has been slashed, it may cause death.

Two very interesting fishes are the eels and salmons. They have one thing in common—they make long journeys to lay their eggs and die after doing that. The life history of eels has been a mystery from the earliest times. Aristotle thought that they developed from mud. Pliny, the Roman naturalist, said that they grew from horsehair accidentally dropped into fresh water. The real story, which was discovered in the 19th century, is far more interesting. When fresh water eels of North America and Europe are between five and eight years old, they make a remarkable journey to the Sargasso sea, a huge area of floating sea-weed in the Atlantic Ocean where many ocean currents meet. It lies between the West Indies and the Azores 3000 to 5000 kilometres from Europe. There the eels make their way. Those living in ponds are believed to travel over land (mostly at night and in wet weather) or through underground channels to streams and rivers. In the river mouths they change to silvery colour, their eyes grown bigger and their digestive system degenerates. They cannot feed during their long migration to their spawning ground. They spawn in the Sargasso sea and die. When the eggs hatch in winter or early spring the half centimetre long larvae are like the broad, thin willow leaf, very different from their parents. These are called fry and begin the difficult journey back to the homes from which their mothers had come to lay eggs. The larvae returning to North America take a year to reach land and by then they have developed the same shape as their parents and are called elvers. When full grown they would be one metre long or even more. The larvae returning to Europe take nearly three years and also grow up to the elver stage. They then travel up rivers to distant ponds and streams, sometimes in enormous swarms. Millions are caught on their way up and countless millions perish on their ocean voyage. But we need not worry, for one female eel can lay 10,000,000 eggs.

The story of the travels of salmon fish is no less astonishing. The chinook salmon is born in the upper reaches of the River Columbia in North America. It then starts towards the sea to feed on plankton. As it grows it turns carnivorous, feeding on herring and other small fishes. Sharks and other large fishes, sea-lions, birds and men prey on it in turn. In four hazardous years the chinook covers 1100 kilometres and then it turns back, gripped by a strong desire to lay eggs where it was born. Gorging in the plenty of the sea, how does the sleek salmon know when to start the long and risky journey back to the streams of its birth? What guides it on the way? Why do vast crowds of fish appear in certain waters at certain times as regularly as clock work? These are questions that science has not been able to answer yet. Every metre forward on this homeward journey of the salmon is a battle against the current, with foaming rapids and roaring falls often barring the way. Sometimes man imposes even greater barriers-huge dams. Many of the salmon never reach the mother streams, but those that do, face an army of enemies. Fishermen take their harvest, hungry beasts wait for them and birds of prey swoop down. Only a fraction of the mighty thong that started up stream ever reaches its goal. After beating their way up-stream the fish have used up all their body fat. The struggle has left them bruised, battered and exhausted. The last of their energy is expended in spawning and then the salmons die.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. How much of the earth's surface is covered by seas and oceans?
2. How have fish developed?
3. How can animals live under great pressure?
4. What accidents happen to deep-sea creature?
5. What two qualities do most deep-sea creatures possess?
6. Why do whales not fish?
7. Which is the largest of the whales and what size and weight it can reach?
8. Why can we say that sharks are voracious creatures?
9. Why is the sting ray so called?
10. What have eels and salmon in common?

B—Composition

1. Give a brief description of the fishes that produce electric currents. (Write one paragraph of 100—150 words).
2. Write a letter to your younger brother and tell him about the long spawning journey of the eel or the salmon.

C.—Grammar

Remember that if a question in direct speech begins with a question-word, it neither takes 'if' nor 'that' when turned into reported speech.

Now change the following into reported speech. Use reporting verbs : asks and answers.

Omar : What will happen if I die before repaying the debt ? How will I face my Creator ?

The man : Why have you put out the light ?

Omar : The oil in the lamp is from the *Baitul Mal.*

Omar's daughter : If you find me another pearl like this one, I'll get pendants made for my ears.

Omar : If you can wear live coal in your ears I shall send you another pearl like yours.

The guest : May I wake up the servant sleeping here ?

Omar : There is no need for that.

The guest : May I put some oil in the lamp ?

Omar : It would be most unmannerly on my part to ask my guest to serve me.

7–THE UNDERWATER WORLD—PART II

The friendliest 'fish' are the dolphins. There is a story that nearly 2,000 years ago, a Roman lad, swimming rather far out into the sea, was joined by a dolphin which played with him, and allowed him to ride on its back. It returned day after day to play with the boy and became very friendly. Until quite recently this story was regarded as a myth. Then, in 1956, it happened again. This time it was in a little sea-side town in New Zealand. A female dolphin first began to play around small boats near the shore and then she swam among bathers and allowed them to pat her. She most liked to play with children and made a special favourite of a girl of 13 who rode on her back just like the Roman boy of 2,000 years ago. The dolphin also greatly enjoyed playing with a rubber ball and tossing it into the air with her nose. Dolphins have been bred in captivity and their behaviour has been studied. They have been found to be at least as intelligent as dogs. They are playful, naughty, and clever. They possess the peculiar power of locating objects under water by producing special sounds and interpreting the echo, as bats do. It has been suggested that dolphins might be trained to locate enemy submarines in times of war.

Partnership is an interesting aspect of animal life. Numerous creatures in seas and rivers live together as partners. The pilot fish is one such instance. Almost always it accompanies a tropical shark. It is about 30 centimetres long, blue in colour with dark stripes along its sides. It swims beside its companion shark just below and behind the head. For a long time people thought that it led the shark to its prey. This gave it the popular name of pilot-fish. Actually, the opposite is true. What the pilot-fish really appears to gain from this partnership is to feed on scraps from the shark's meals. It was also thought that they remain loyal to one giant master. This is not true either. If one shark among a group of several sharks takes a bite at something, the pilot-fish will swim away from the sharks that are not feeding to join the one that is doing so. Quite likely the pilot-fish not only finds food by living with its huge companions, but also finds protection from other large fish.

The relationship of the shark-sucker to its shark companion is not very different from that of the pilot-fish except that it attaches itself to the shark's body and gets a free ride. The sucker has a flat oval disc on the top of its head. It can attach itself to any flat surface by applying the disc and then so moving the plates on the disc as to create a vacuum. The inhabitants of Pacific islands use these suckers to catch turtles. They fling the sucker out with a line attached to it and when it has fastened itself on to the turtle they haul them both in. When the shark is feeding, the sucker loosens its hold and scavanges around on its own, returning to one shark or another when the meal is over. When a shark is caught and hauled out of the water, its suckers drop off and find another shark or, possibly, attach themselves to a ship's hull.

Then there are servicing arrangements among fishes whereby one fish cleans the other of biting insects and harmful germs. Scientists have proved beyond any doubt that certain fishes have a well-defined cleaner-client relationship with others. Fishes are exposed to infections and invasions of harmful parasites and fungi, especially if there is any puncture of the skin. Small wounds easily become infected and develop a fur-like white growth. When this happens the fish may be observed quite deliberately seeking out those fishes which perform a cleaning service by nibbling the parasites and dead tissues from the wounds.

The number of fish species which regularly clean or groom others is surprisingly large. Wrasses are among the most diligent of cleaners and a tropical angle-fish is so well known for its grooming activities that it is called 'the barber' along the Mexican coast.

The tropical cleaning fish have bright colours and strong patterns. This, beyond doubt, is to advertise their profession, but they have other ways as well of signalling to their customers. When they see a client approaching, they may swim out to meet it and display their recognition with a movement very much like a courtship dance. They dart about nibbling gently, nudging the client's body, waving their fins and tails, retreating and advancing again until the client is won over. The customer at this point often appears to go into a coma, floating motionless, usually at a peculiar angle, on its side, standing on its head or upside-down. The cleaner then goes to work, methodically making its way up and down the client's body, nibbling minute fungus or pecking away at infections. If it wants to go underneath a fin that is being held close to the client's side, the cleaner will gently nudge at it until it is lifted. It will similarly work its way under the gill covers and probe between lips and teeth to pursuade its client to open its mouth. A certain small wrasse goes into a customer's mouth, works over the teeth and proceeds right down into the gullet until its client signifies by snapping its jaw a few times that it is satisfied. Sometimes a client will seem to help the cleaner by changing colour to show up sore spots. In the Indian ocean, one fish turns from near black to light blue, another simply turns pale. A fish which seems to suffer especially from fungus infection turns almost black so that the white fungi show up clearly.

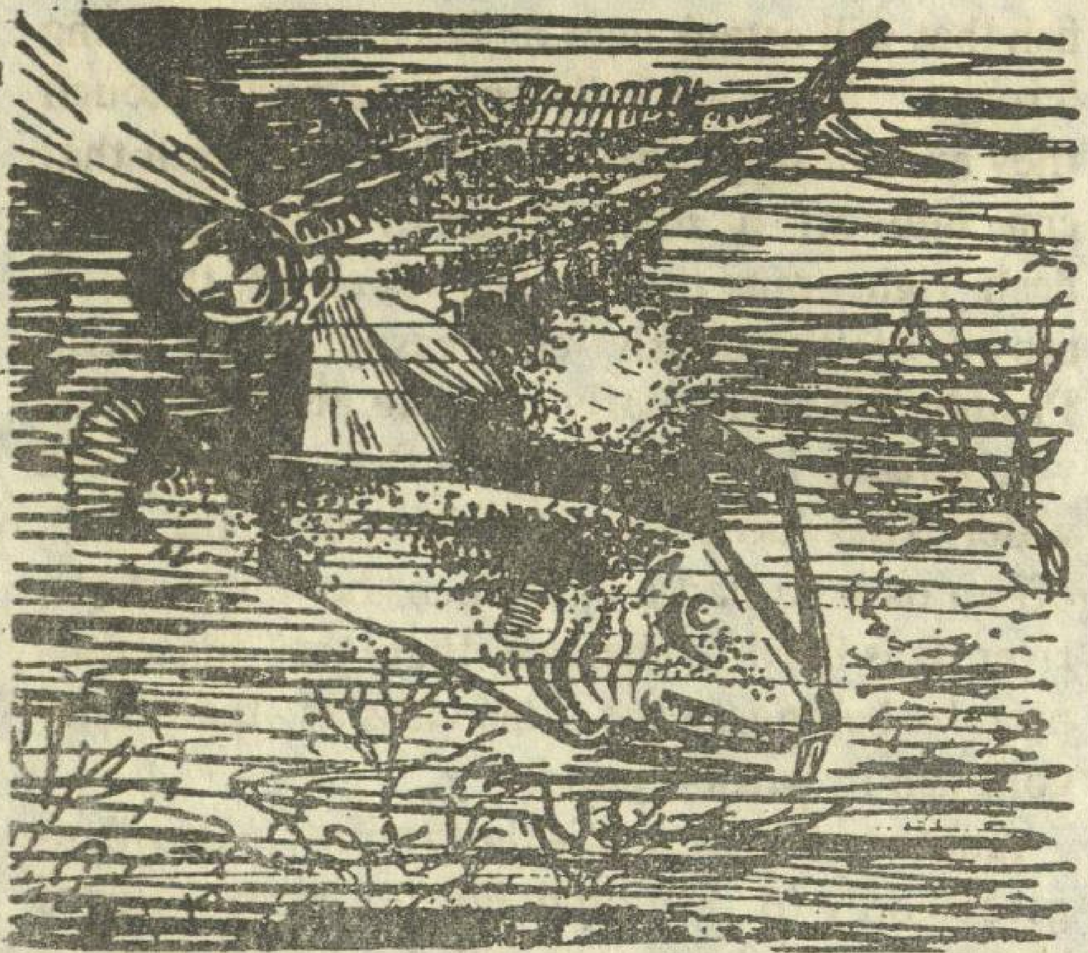
Usually the tropical cleaner fish have a definite place of business which becomes well-known in the community. It is usually a spot past which many fishes are likely to swim—a busy street as you might say. At these points there may often be a crowd of customers waiting more or less impatiently to be treated for their itches and pains. A naturalist once counted 300 fishes which were handled by a single cleaner in a six-hour period and noted that a number of customers returned for further treatment of infections.

To study the effect of the absence of cleaners on the fish population, a naturalist removed all the cleaner fishes from one station. The results were startling. Within just a few days, the fish population around this once crowded area had markedly dwindled. Within two weeks there were very few fish left and they were in poor shape indeed. Many showed serious infections, including open sores, fungus growths, and other evidence of a run down condition.

You would perhaps be amused to learn that as there are some bogus physicians in our cities so there are some bogus cleaners in the world of the fishes. One of them is called the blenny. It looks like any other striped wrasse,a dependable fish cleaner. It also goes through all the motions of attracting a client, but when a would-be customer comes within reach unsuspectingly, the sabre-toothed blenny rips into the unfortunate victim and takes a big bite.

Every one knows of the danger of sharks in tropical and sub-tropical seas, but swimming is generally safe in rivers far inland, though not always. In the rivers of tropical South America there are fish that will attack man or beast with terrifying ferocity. They are called piranha and although they are not large they have jaws and teeth that can bite off a man's finger or take a piece of flesh right out of his leg. A shoal, that is a crowd of these fish can easily kill a man. Piranha are particularly likely to attack anyone who already has a cut or sore that will taint the water. They have been known to bite the flesh off an ox who had a cut when he entered the river. It is hard to believe that the dangerous piranha belong to the same class as the pretty gold fish in garden ponds.

Another deadly fish is the lamprey. It is dangerous only to fish and not to man. In the language of biology, it is called the 'fish without jaws' and truly the lamprey has no jaws at all, but only a round sucker-like mouth. Inside this mouth are many sharp, horny teeth,curved like thorns. With these the lamprey pierces and clings to the skin of its prey. Its tongue is also covered with horny teeth. The lamprey uses its tongue as a file or sand paper to peel away the skin and flesh and then suck out the blood quickly.



Since the lamprey is about a metre long, it quickly kills any medium-sized fish. There is no doubt that lampreys destroy great numbers of them in the ocean, rivers and lakes. About forty years ago large numbers of fish were found in the Great Lakes of North America. Every year about 5,000 tons of lake trout and other fish were caught, providing food and employment to the neighbourhood on a large scale. Then the catch started to decline disastrously and soon there were no more fish to be caught. What had happened?

In order to admit steam ships to the **lakes** large canals were made to connect them with the sea. This allowed the curious, eel-like lamprey to swim into the **lakes** and soon they had sucked dead the vast fish reserves of the **lakes.**

Another interesting fish is the archer fish. It lives in river mouths in eastern Asia and hunts in a most remarkable manner. It swims just below the surface and when it sees an insect at rest on overhanging vegetation it spits drops of water at it with such force and accuracy that knocks down the victim. Then it seizes and eats it. You will really appreciate how amazing a marksman the archer fish is when you realize that it aims from under water at an object outside and makes due allowance for the refraction, or bending of light, in water.

The swordfish is one of the largest of all the bony fishes, that is, of fishes other than sharks and rays. It is found throughout the oceans of the world, mainly in warm waters. It can grow to a length of 6 metres and weigh as much as **500 kilograms** or half a ton. It used to be thought that the swordfish uses its 'sword' as a weapon to attack its prey but there is no evidence for this. It feeds mainly on squid and quite small fish. It has been observed that when it takes a bait, it first strikes at it with the sword. Most probably it is used in this way simply to disable the prey which the swordfish can then capture and eat at leisure.

The swordfish travels at an amazing speed. It is said to reach 100 kilometres per hour when it is in a hurry. Here nature is still well ahead of man; no submarine can travel underwater at anything near 100 kilometres per hour.

Of course, the sword can act very efficiently as a spear. When a fleet of boats is pursuing the fish, there is sometimes a collision and the sword pierces clean through a boat with quite stout timbers as if they were matchwood.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. Which is the friendliest sea animal and why?
2. Why is the 'pilot-fish' so called?
3. How does the shark-sucker attach itself to the shark ?
4. Why is the tropical angle-fish called 'the barber'?

5. How does a fish show that it has been 'cleaned' to its satisfaction?
6. What sort of spot do tropical cleaner fishes choose for their 'business'?
7. What was the effect of connecting the **great lakes** with the sea by canals?
8. Why is the 'blenny' **described** as a bogus cleaner?
9. Where is piranha found and what sort of fish is it?
10. Why is the archer–fish so called?

B—Composition

1. Relate briefly the two incidents about the friendliness of **dolphins.**
2. Write a letter to your younger brother and tell him what you have read about the cleaner fishes and the lampreys.

C—Grammar

A few lessons earlier we revised the rules of **sequence** of tenses and learnt that past tense in the main clause of a sentence is followed by past tense in the subordinate clauses. This rule also applies to reported speech, *e.g.*

Direct : The guest *said*, "*May* I wake up the servant sleeping here?"

Omar: There *is* no need for that.

Reported: The guest ***asked*** if he ***might*** wake up the servant sleeping there.

Omar answered that there *was* no need for that.

Now turn the following into reported speech:

1. Omar said to the maid, "As human beings you and I are equal in the eyes of our Creator."
2. Omar said to the servant, "I do not want to get a higher price for the goods you sell on my behalf."
3. Omar said to the servant, "How have you earned double the usual amount ?"
4. The servant said, "The rates of payment are higher than usual."
5. Omar said, "It seems you have made the mule work harder and longer."
6. He said, "The drivers in the postal department shall use neither switches with pointed ends nor heavy harness and reins."
7. Omar wrote to the Governor of Egypt, "I have been informed that pack-camels are made to carry burdens up to 1000 *ratals*."
8. He added, "I wish you to know that it is your responsibility to ensure that no pack-camel has to carry loads of over 600 *ratals*."

8—ALLAMA JAMAL-UD-DIN AFGHANI

It was a winter afternoon in the year 1945. The overcast sky and bitter cold gave a gloomy look to the atmosphere. Yet a huge crowd had assembled in the main street of Peshawar for a procession to honour the coffin of a great Muslim and a great man, Allama Jamal-ud-Din Afghani. He had died in Turkey in 1897 and his body was being brought after nearly forty-eight years to be buried in his native country—Afghanistan.

To the east of Afghanistan is a valley called 'Kaunar'. Though it is mainly inhabited by Pathan tribes, its population included a family of Syeds who had settled there a long time ago. Among these Syeds there arose a saintly person who greatly influenced the people of Kaunar as well as of its neighbourhood. He was called Pir Baba and when he died his shrine became a place of pilgrimage.

A baby born in this family in 1839 was named Jamal-ud-Din, or "the Beauty of the Faith". Jamal-ud-Din's father, Syed Safdar, was a noted scholar. He personally attended to the education of his son. Jamal-ud-Din was gifted with un-common intelligence. By the time he was ten he had learnt a good deal about arithmetic, algebra, medicine, philosophy, and linguistics. His education, however, continued until he was 18. Syed Safdar filled his son's heart with love of freedom and love for his people. When Jamal-ud-Din was 19, his father died and left him to make his own way in life.

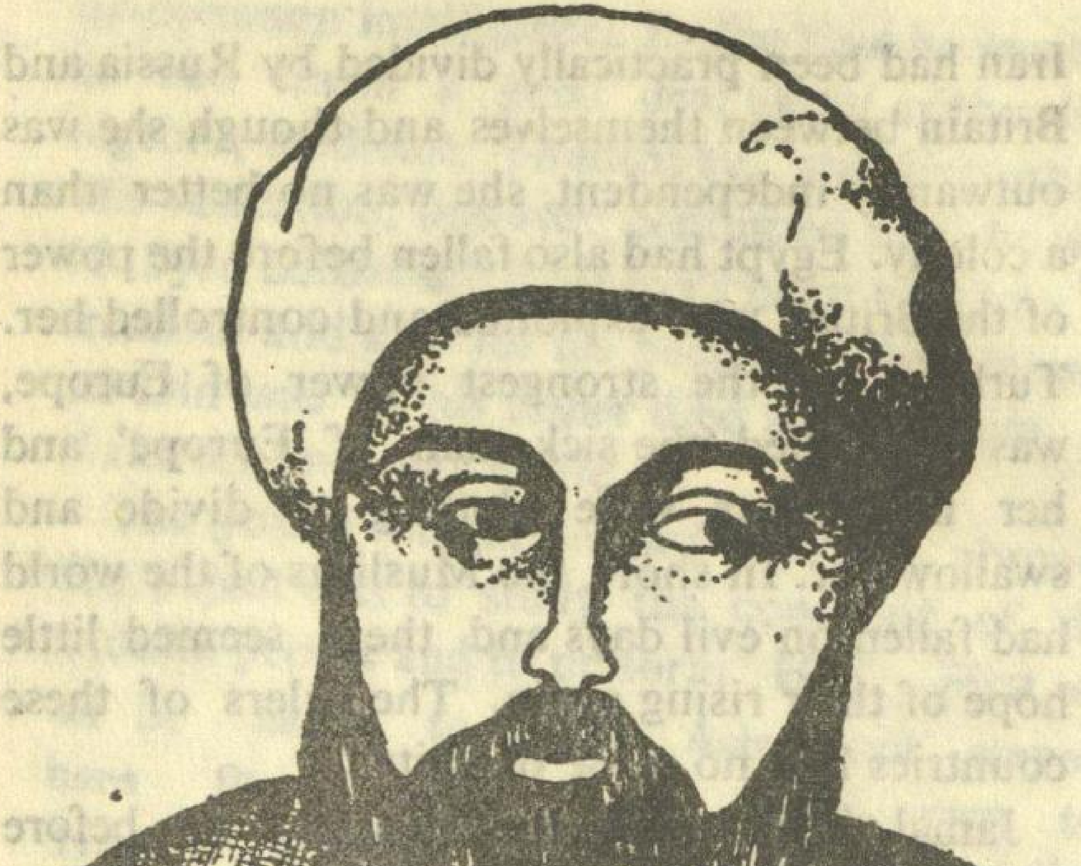
The young scholar decided to travel abroad. His object was to study the condition of the Muslim people and to perform Hajj. First of all he came to South Asia and stayed here for a year. He then went to Hijaz from where, after the Hajj, he travelled through Syria, Palestine, Iraq and Iran for a year. He devoted this period to a close observation of the political and social conditions prevailing in these countries.

What he observed was saddening and disturbing. The Muslim countries were badly disorganised. They lacked unity among themselves and there were deep divisions among the people of every country. They were powerless to defend themselves against open attacks or secret conspiracies of their enemies. The Muslims of India were ruled over by the British. Vast territories of

Iran had been practically divided by Russia and Britain between themselves and though she was outwardly independent, she was no better than a colony. Egypt had also fallen before the power of the British who exploited and controlled her. Turkey, once the strongest power of Europe, was now called 'the sick man of Europe' and her neighbours were plotting to divide and swallow her. In short, the Muslims of the world had fallen on evil days and there seemed little hope of their rising again. The rulers of these countries had no sense of unity.

Jamal-uddin studied all this and set before himself two objects. One was to rouse the Muslims of the world to strive for freedom and to throw off the yoke of foreign rule. The second was to unite the Muslim countries of the world into one vast, powerful union. This was an enormous task. Yet Jamal-ud-Din possessed so firm a faith in his cause that he was not frightened by difficulties. He devoted his life doing all he could to fulfil his mission and remained active day and night until he died nearly forty years later.

When Jamal-ud-Din returned to his country, Afghanistan, he found that enemy intrigues were leading it to ruin. The ruler, Dost Muhammad



Khan, though fearless and brave, lacked foresight and statesmanship. He seemed to be playing into the hands of his enemies. He called Jamal-ud-Din to his court and made him one of his advisers. He later entrusted him with the education of his son Muhammad Azam.

On Dost Muhammad's death, his sons fell out among themselves, each wanting to succeed his father. Jamal-ud-Din's statesmanship and nobility of character saved the country from a civil war. He persuaded his pupil, Azam, to respect his father's will and let his younger brother, Sher Ali, rule the kingdom. Azam bowed to the wisdom of his great tutor. Sher Ali showed outward gratitude to Jamal-ud-Din but in reality he distrusted him and generally acted on the advice of his minister, Rafiq, who was a traitor in the pay of enemy agents.

Jamal-ud-Din continued his work in an atmosphere of intrigue and tried hard to put Afghanistan, a backward country, on the path of progress. He realised the need for a journal through which he could propagate his ideas. He, therefore, started the first newspaper of his country. It was called *Shamsun Nahar* and contained not only news but also articles on moral and social values. It was read in Afghanistan as well as in other countries of the world and created a feeling of sympathy for Jamal-ud-Din's mission.

He paid close attention to some important problems of his country. He reorganised and re-equipped the army, opened schools all over the country, built state hospitals, organised the postal department, established embassies in foreign countries and persuaded the king to create a council of advisers.

If Jamal-ud-Din had been allowed to continue with his good work, Afghanistan would have become a model country in the East. But many selfish people turned the king against him because they disliked his influence. So he left Afghanistan and decided to carry on his work elsewhere.

He was penniless and friendless. But this did not discourage him. He went to Egypt and began teaching at the great University of 'Al-Azhar'. He worked for a moral and mental awakening of his pupils. The youth of Egypt, who were deeply disturbed at the increasing influence of foreign powers in their country, were moved by his ideas. The British were, however, alarmed by this awakening. They made life difficult for Jamal-ud-Din, but when he refused to be discouraged they compelled the ruler of Egypt to turn him out of the country.

Though Jamal-ud-Din left Egypt, he had planted new ideas in the hearts of the youth. His disciples carried on his work and spread his message in the country.

Jamal-ud-Din next turned to Turkey. The once great empire was now on the verge of collapse. Its enemies plotted to dismember it and share it out. Jamal-ud-Din met the premier of Turkey and awakened him to the gravity of the approaching danger. The premier was moved by his sincerity and allowed the great leader to continue with his mission. Jamal-ud-Din devoted all his energy awakening the Turks. He worked hard and long neglecting his health and comfort. He worked a change in the people and his ideas sank into their hearts. He was so eloquent that he came to be known as 'the charmer of hearts'. A party of young Turks was soon formed to save the country from growing foreign interference and to obtain for the people a share in the government of the country.

This gave the enemies a chance to turn the Caliph against Jamal-ud-Din who was ordered to leave Turkey. He went to Egypt once again and was welcomed heartily. The people of Egypt, particularly the youth, looked upon him as their saviour. Britain was in complete control of Egypt at that time. Jamal-ud-Din began teaching and preaching what had to be done. One of his disciples started a newspaper 'Al-Misr' and Jamal-ud-Din wrote forceful articles for it. This led to a change of government. But the new ruler, whom freedom-fighters had brought to power, proved no better. He soon turned against them and began eliminating them. He also expelled Jamal-ud-Din from the country who came to South Asia.

He now went to Hyderabad Deccan, where he suggested that the youth of the country must be taught through the national language. This idea flowered later on and new text-books were written and translated in Urdu. The British, however, feared his revolutionary ideas perhaps more than they had feared Napoleon's armies. So they suddenly arrested him and transferred him to Calcutta where his movements were restricted.

When Jamal-ud-Din was released in 1884, he went to London and then to Paris which now became the centre of his activity. He organised a party consisting of many of his former disciples from many Muslim countries. He also started a newspaper. He expressed his ideas with greater freedom and this aroused the suspicions of the imperialist countries of Europe. He also visited Russia hoping to win its support for the Muslim countries against Britain and France, but his mission failed. His visit, however, proved of some value to the Muslims of Russia.

He was twice invited to Iran where he advised the King on matters of state and also preached the value of Muslim brotherhood. For reasons of his own, the Sultan of Turkey invited him to come to Turkey once again. Through Jamal-ud-Din's efforts he wanted to become the Caliph of the entire Muslim world. Jamal-ud-Din soon realised the Caliph's motives and felt hurt at his insincerity. But he continued his work of awakening the youth of Turkey.

Wishing to win Jamal-ud-Din's favour, the Sultan decided to give him the highest Turkish decoration. When the messenger presented the medal to the great scholar, he was sitting among his students. A pet cat sat beside him. With indifference Jamal-ud-Din put the ribbon and the medal round the neck of the cat. The messenger stood aghast. He said, "Sir, you perhaps do not know, it has been sent by His Imperial Majesty, the Sultan." Jamal-ud-Din answered carelessly, "I know that quite well, and also why it has been sent."

The messenger asked in astonishment, "Have you done this intentionally?" Jamal-ud-Din answered, "Yes. This was its proper use. Those who accept such favours sell their conscience and lose their freedom like this pet."

The Sultan was furious at this report and became suspicious of Jamal-ud-Din. As time passed the differences between the two grew wider and enemy agents turned the Sultan farther away from the scholar. Jamal-ud-Din continued his efforts for the freedom and unity of all Muslim countries. This movement was called 'Pan-Islamism'. The Sultan now came to suspect that the leader of this movement wanted to bring all Muslim countries under the ruler of Egypt. He put spies round Jamal-ud-Din and imposed restrictions on his movements. Gradually he was forced to give up all his activities and virtually became a prisoner. Then he fell ill and it was given out that he suffered from cancer. When he asked permission to go to Europe for treatment, it was denied to him and he died on 9th March, 1897. His followers suspected that the Sultan had poisoned this courageous leader. He was quietly and secretly buried and his grave remained unmarked for more than twenty years. Some forty-eight years later, the people of Afghanistan claimed that he was their hero and his coffin was transferred to Kabul where a tomb was built over his grave.

Allama Jamal-ud-Din Afghani is today remembered as the father of the movement which spread throughout the world of Islam and resulted in the freedom of many Muslim countries. Half of his dream has already come true as nearly all Asia is free of Western domination. The other half of it may also come true in time and all the Muslim countries of the world may one day be united in one powerful federation.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. Why had the people assembled in the streets of Peshawar?
2. Where and when was Jamal-ud-Din born?
3. What sort of a child was he?
4. What did his father teach him apart from the usual school subjects?
5. What two goals did he set for himself ?
6. How did he save his country from a civil war?
7. Why could he not continue his work in his native country?

8. What were the ideas that he gave to his pupils in Egypt?
9. What good came out of his visit to Russia?

B—Composition

1. Relate in one paragraph the improvements that Jamal-ud-Din introduced in Afghanistan as an adviser to king Sher Ali.
2. Describe the incident of the "Medal and the Cat".

C—Grammar

Besides the changes you have already studied there are some other minor changes which are *usually* made while forming reported speech. Learn these:

This usually changes to that,
these usually changes to those,
here usually changes to there,
now usually changes to then,
today usually changes to that day,
Tomorrow usually changes to the next day,
or the following day.
Yesterday usually changes to the day before,
or the previous day.
Next week usually changes to the following
week.

Last year usually changes to the previous year. Ago usually changes to before.

(*a*) Turn to the exercises on the lesson 'Eid Without Fine Clothes' and change all the sentences into reported speech once again, but make the reporting verb past tense; for example Omar said; the elder son said etc.

(*b*) Change the following into reported speech:

1. The messenger said, "Sir, you perhaps do not know it has been sent by His Imperial Majesty, the Sultan." (***Hint***: In reported speech this may be changed to, suggested respectfully that......)
2. Jamal-ud-Din answered carelessly, "I know that quite well and also why it has been sent."
3. The messenger (greatly astonished): Have you done this intentionally?
4. Jamal-ud-Din: Yes. This is its proper use.

9—SPRING

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one !
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill,
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing :
The rain is over and gone !

[*William Wordsworth*]

Notes :

Line 12 retreated—withdrawn.
19 *i.e.* There are no clouds in the blue sky.

10–HILAL-I-ISTIQLAL, SARGODHA

You have already read how India attacked Pakistan on the morning of 6th September, 1965, and how our armed forces subjected her to a crushing defeat in a war that lasted for seventeen days. On 1st September when India attacked Kashmir, the Pakistan Air Force went into action. After suffering heavy losses in this area, the Indian Field Commander requested his headquarters to send him air support. Four Vampires were rushed to help the Indian army. Two Pakistani Sabres were ordered to meet them.

The battle lasted only a couple of minutes. The late Squadron Leader Rafiqi and Flight Lieutenant Imtiaz Bhatti pounced on the tails of the Vampires and shot down all the four, scoring two each. It was a good beginning for the Pakistan Air Force. However, this loss annoyed the Indians, and they decided to take counter-measures.

It was clear that the Indians would make an all out attack on our Sargodha base as part of their plan. But the Pakistan Air Force did not wait for the attack. Instead, it carried air raids on Indian bases at Pathankot, Halwara and Jodhpur, causing a great deal of damage to Indian aircraft parked on these air strips. At least seven enemy MIGs, five Mysteres and two C 119s were destroyed in these raids. The losses of the enemy were quickly mounting, while our own air force was practically undamaged.

At dawn on 7th September, came the expected attack on Sargodha. Six Mysteres came screaming in low, hoping to make a surprise hit-and-run raid. The result was a surprise for the Indian pilots. An F-104, flying patrol, spotted them and knocked two of them down in a few minutes. The others turned and went away without doing any damage.

The next group of raiders consisted of four fast, modern Hunters, with two more Hunters not far behind them. Squadron Leader Alam, flying his comparatively old Sabre, knocked down five out of the six Hunters, while the sixth one managed to escape. The Indians with their fast machines were no match for our pilots. Alam created a world record for shots that day.

The desperate Indians made a third attack at a quarter to ten in the morning. Four Mysteres swept in and succeeded in destroying one Sabre which was lying on the ground. They also damaged an unused office building. This fruitless adventure cost them two of their aircraft, both of which were shot down by anti-aircraft fire from the ground.

At a quarter to four in the evening, the Indians made the last attack of the day. This time, two Sabres were in the air ready to receive the four Mysteres which came over. One of the Mysteres was blown up in mid air, and two more were shot down by anti-aircraft guns. One escaped to the other side of the border.

Such was the result of the first few days' encounter over Sargodha. The Indian pilots were completely out-classed by our fighters, and they were reluctant to meet them any more. Sargodha, which was marked for complete destruction by the Indians, was hardly touched until the morning of 14th September, when six Canberra bombers appeared on the horizon. To everyone's surprise, they dropped their bombs mostly in the canals. It is difficult to understand why they did this, unless they mistook the shining water for air-strips. At about this time, the All-India Radio had begun to say "Sargodha now belongs only to past history. It has been completely wiped out of existence." The brave people of Sargodha felt amused at this and went about their daily business as usual.

The Indian Hunters, Gnats and Mysteres had taken such a hard beating from our old Sabres that they were no longer willing to come out during day-time. The Indian Air Force now decided on night bombing. It is much more difficult to spot and shoot down fast aircraft at night, so they thought they would be comparatively safe. But it is also much more difficult to bomb important targets at night, so their raids achieved very little.

Soon after midnight on 13th September, ten big, fast Canberras came over Sargodha via Lahore once more. They dropped flares to light up the ground and make sure of their targets before releasing their bombs. But the raid was a complete failure. When district officers made enquiries after the raid, they found that hardly any damage had been done.

The PAF ground control managed to listen to some of the messages of Indian pilots to each other and to their headquarters. From these they could make out the low state of enemy morale. Rather than face our pilots, they began making excuses that they were short of fuel, or that their guns had jammed, or that their aircraft were defective. Our pilots were fed up with this situation. Some of them went deep into Indian territory to look for enemy aircraft. They hardly found any even there.

For a while, Indian air raids were directed elsewhere. Then on the morning of 17th September, six Canberras appeared over Sargodha once more. They dropped some bombs. One of these damaged a portion of the air-strip, but this was soon repaired. So once again, Sargodha escaped with only a few scratches.

By the 20th there was a growing talk of possible cease-fire. The Indians thought that they should make a big effort to capture or destroy as much of this country as they could before the cease fire. Attack after attack was made in the Sialkot area, and so for a while Sargodha escaped the attention of the Indian Air Force. Not that the inhabitants of Sargodha were worried about these raids for they had seen how poor Indian bombing could be. On this day four Canberras dropped their bombs in the vicinity of Sargodha and rushed away in a hurry. No damage was done this time either.

After this raid, Sargodha enjoyed a respite until the cease-fire was called three days later. Her pilots had worked very hard during the war and had proved their courage. Her people had remained staunch for they had known that their city with its big air base was bound to come under enemy fire. For her part in the war, Sargodha was awarded the Hilal-i-Istiqlal by the President of Pakistan, an honour which she shares with Sialkot and Lahore.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. What happened in the first air battle between four Indian Vampires and two Pakistani Sabres ?
2. What measures were adopted by the Indians to repel the attacks of the Pakistan Air Force?
3. What happened in the first air attack on Sargodha ?

4. Which Pakistani pilot created a world record of shots on 7th September, 1965?
5. What damage did the Indians inflict on Sargodha on the first day?
6. What were the Indians claiming over the radio?
7. Why did the Indians change to night bombing?
8. Why was the city of Sargodha awarded the Hilal-i-Istiqlal?
9. What other cities have received this award?

B—Composition

(*a*) Describe one of the Indian air raids over Sargodha in a paragraph of about 80 words.

(*b*) Imagine yourself to have been the pilot of a Pakistani Sabre during the war. Describe how you met the Indian attack on Sargodha in an essay of about 150 words.

C—Grammar

Turn to the exercises at the end of **Lesson Six** (Thomas Alva Edison) and change the conversation into indirect speech once again converting the reporting verbs into the past tense.

11–JOAN OF ARC

England under Henry V had invaded France and had succeeded in mastering all France north of the River Loire. She already had possession of large parts of France in the south. The uncrowned king of France, who later became Charles VII, was in a miserable plight. His courtiers and friends deserted him one by one. The most powerful nobleman in the country, the Duke of Burgundy, had made an alliance with England. Even Charles' own mother, the German Isabeau, had given her support to his enemies.

It needed a miracle to save France. England was preparing to push further south and complete her conquest. The army of France was demoralised and disorganised, and could not be expected to offer much resistance. But then, a miracle did occur.

A young peasant girl named Jeanne d'Arc (the English version of which is Joan of Arc) declared that she had seen a vision and heard voices. She had been told that she would lead the broken French army to victory over the English. Of course, Joan was laughed at by her friends and parents, but she was convinced that her vision was true, and she went to Charles to offer him her help. She was seventeen years of age at the time.

Charles was impressed by her story. He was desperate at the time, willing to clutch at any-straw which offered hope. Joan announced that her sword would be found in the Church of St. Catherine de Fiebois, and when a search was made a sword with five crosses was actually found there. After this, the French no longer doubted her. From Orleans she led her first attack on the over-confident English. The result was one of the most astonishing battles in the entire history of human warfare. The successful, well-armed, experienced English were thrown into confusion by a village girl who had never fought a battle in her life till then. Her army gained confidence as she took them from victory to victory, and it was now the turn of the English to run and hide. Jargeau fell, then Beaugency and Patay. Charles welcomed Joan at Lyons with joy and gratitude.

More triumphs were to come. She led Charles on a march of victory through enemy held country, recapturing Auxerre and Troyes on the way to the ancient city of Rheims. Here the Archbishop of France brought the sacred oil which had been used to anoint every French king for the past nine hundred years and placed the crown on Charles' head. Joan of Arc knelt by his side during the ceremony. It was the highest point in her career. From here onwards she was to suffer defeat and disgrace, mainly because Charles was a weak, poor king, indeed. Her enthusiasm had helped him to assert his rights in the face of great danger, but now that he had become king he gradually sank back into his old ways. Joan, whose spirit remained as firm as ever, warned him several times that his work was not finished. Paris still remained in the hands of the Duke of Burgundy, and the English were still in possession of the south of France. She pointed out that he should attack Paris immediately, because his enemies had become weak and confused as a result of their losses. The king, however, thought that he could come to an agreement with the haughty Duke, and he wasted a lot of time trying to negotiate with him. His enemies had a chance to strengthen their forces. When, at last, Charles permitted Joan to make the attack, it was too late. The Duke of Burgundy beat her back, and she was wounded during the engagement.

Charles now admitted Joan and her family into the French nobility, and granted relief from all taxes to her village. But he would not give her what she really wanted—more troops with which to win back the whole of France for him. She waited impatiently for some time. Then, hearing that the Duke of Burgundy and the English were marching towards Compeigne, she decided to ride out and help fight against them. She was captured outside the city by John of Luxumbourg.

He sold her to the English, who had promised to burn her alive if ever they managed to catch her. However, they would not kill her immediately. Many Frenchmen had begun to think of her as a saint, so the English thought it necessary to discredit her before putting her to death. If they had executed her immediately she would have become a martyr, and all Frenchmen, even those who sided with the English, might have become very angry.

She was sent to Rouen and put on trial for witchcraft and blasphemy. To the everlasting shame of Charles, for whom she had done so much, he did nothing at all to help her while she was in prison, although more than a year passed between her capture and her death.

The trial was one of the most tragic abuses of justice in history. Joan was charged on twelve counts, the most serious of which were that her visions had been of the devil, that her prophecies were false, and that she was indecent because she wore men's clothing. One judge protested against the trial, but he was immediately removed from the court. Her enemies wanted her to confess, so that they could burn her as a witch without arousing the anger of the people.

Joan showed the whole matter the contempt it deserved: But she was tormented day and night by her captors, and at last, even her great spirit broke. She signed a confession, admitting her 'mistakes' and promising to repent. Now that she had repented, her French judges found it difficult to sentence her to death, so they imprisoned her for life instead.

This did not please the English rulers, who wanted her death. Their leader, the Earl of Warwick, complained angrily to the French judges, and demanded the death sentence. So the French bishop Cauchon, who was one of Joan's bitterest enemies, thought of a way to give him what he wanted. In her confession, Joan had promised never to wear men's clothing again. Cauchon simply gave her no other clothes to wear, so she was forced to do so. After playing this trick they announced that she had broken her promise, and would therefore be burnt to death as a witch.

She was carried to the market place of Rouen on 30th May, 1431, and tied to a stake. There she was burnt alive, a victim of intrigue and jealousy. It is said that her heart was found unburnt in the ashes.

Some people say that she never really saw visions, but only pretended that she had in order to give her fellow countrymen new strength and confidence. Even if this be true, there is no doubt that she was one of the most remarkable women in history.

It was not until twenty-five years later that the faithless Charles decided to do something in her memory. Another trial was held in which she was found innocent of all the ridiculous charges against her. And, five hundred years after her death, Pope Benedict XV declared her a saint.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. Why was Joan of Arc ridiculed in the beginning?
2. Who was Charles?
3. Under which king did England invade France?
4. Which areas of France were in English hands when Joan first went to see Charles?
5. What do you think of her trial at Rouen?
6. What kind of sword did she carry, and where was it found?
7. Where was Charles crowned king of France?
8. What was the title of the English leader who wanted to burn Joan of Arc at the stake?

B—Composition

(*a*) Explain why Charles VII did not help Joan of Arc while she was being tried by her enemies in an essay of about 100 words.

(*b*) Write a paragraph on the trial of Joan of Arc.

C—Grammar

In this story a number of sentences have been put in reported speech. Try to turn the following into the direct form from the reported form. Remember you will have to reverse the changes which you have learnt to make so far.

1. Joan of Arc declared that she had seen a vision and heard voices.
2. She said that she would lead the broken French army to victory over the English.
3. Joan announced that her sword would be found in the Church of St. Catherine.
4. She advised the king that he should attack Paris immediately because his enemies had become weak and confused as a result of their losses.
5. The king, however, thought that he could come to an agreement with the haughty Duke.
6. The English promised that they would burn her alive if they ever managed to catch her.

12—GAMES AND SPORTS OF PAKISTAN

One of the most popular games in Pakistan is 'kabaddi'. In this game two teams face each other across a line. The number of players is not fixed, but usually each team has from five to seven players. A player takes a deep breath and crosses the line, murmuring the words 'kabaddi, kabaddi' without a break. This is to prevent him from taking a second breath, because the whole game depends on how much the 'invader' can do in a single breath. As he crosses the line, the members of the other team draw away from him so that he may not touch any of them. If he does touch one of them, and if he manages to get back over the line before his breath runs out, he scores a point for his team by eliminating the man he has touched. On the other hand, if any member of the other team can stop him and keep him on his own side until he runs out of breath, he is declared 'out'. The skill of the defenders lies in keeping out of his reach, but not too far, because an attempt must be made to stop him before he gets back to his own side. The game can get quite rough, especially when the invader is trying to return to his own side. You can often see the whole team dragging him and holding him until his breath runs out. The game requires strength, stamina and speed.

Another common game is 'gulli danda', which in one form or the other is found in most countries of the world, and which in England is called 'tip-cat'. Here, a wooden peg tapered at the ends, leaps into the air when sharply struck with a stick. It is then struck hard before it falls to the ground again. The point of the game lies in how hard the 'gulli' can be struck. If it lands close by, the player is in danger of being eliminated from the game. This is because, having made his strike, he must lay his stick down and let his opponents aim at it. If they succeed in hitting it, he is declared 'out.' However, if he drives the gulli far away the chances of his being out are much reduced, and he can claim points according to the number of stick lengths he has managed to drive the peg. This is a game of precision and timing, because it is not easy to hit the spinning 'gulli' once it is in the air. But some people are so good at it that they drive the 'gulli' as far as fifty metres.

Self defence is taught in Pakistan in the sport of 'gatka'. Here heavy sticks are used by two opponents, who try to score off each other by making hits on the body. Some people become very skilful at this art, and can defend themselves against a variety of blows by an extremely skilful waving of the stick around themselves. A contest between two experts in 'gatka' is a very interesting sight. The opponents block each other, sometimes very rapidly, while they feint with their sticks to make an opening in their opponent's defence. This sport requires intelligence, speed and skill.

Pakistan has produced a number of world famous wrestlers, who started from the local sport of 'kushti'. Those who wish to adopt wrestling as a career train themselves carefully for the wrestling matches. They eat the best food, and in large quantities. Most of them are huge, powerful men who seem to be strong enough to uproot trees, if they want to. Some of the best wrestlers in the world received their earlier training at kushti which needs a tremendous amount of strength, speed and intelligence.

Girls play a curious game with small pebbles called 'gotian'. There can be any number of pebbles. The larger the number, the more difficult is the game. One pebble is tossed up with one hand. The object is to pick up the remaining pebbles before it falls down. And it must not be allowed to fall down, but must be caught by the same hand. There are many intricacies in this game. Sometimes all the pebbles are thrown up together and are then caught on the back of the hand and must not be allowed to fall between the fingers. Skilful players can do this very accurately, even with many pebbles. A sense of timing and precise hand movements are required in this game, that is why girls are usually better at it than boys, although some boys also play it very well.

A local version of marbles is played in the game known as 'akhrot', in which walnuts are used. It differs from marbles in that striking is done by the player while he is standing up. The striker's walnut is aimed in a full toss rather than rolled along the ground. This requires even greater precision than in a game of marbles, an ability to judge height and distance, and exact muscular control. This is a boys' game, and you can find some boys so good at it that they rarely miss the target.

Kite flying is found everywhere, but nowhere as in Pakistan and India. The kite season is usually late winter, when it is pleasant to stand in the sun, and when there are breezes strong enough to fly the kites. The festival of kites comes with the beginning of spring. They are flown all over the country in thousands, dotting the sky from horizon to horizon. A lot of money is spent on special kinds of kite-string which can cut the strings of other kites flying in the air. Getting into a tangle with another kite and cutting it is a fine art, and when evenly-matched competitors tangle, the fight goes on and on until the kites are flying very far off hardly visible to the eye. Expert kite flyers can make their kites move in any direction, and even make them dance round and round in order to catch a passing kite which has been cut somewhere else.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. What is the English name for 'gulli danda'?
2. What is taught in the sport of 'gatka'?
3. What kind of games do Pakistani girls play?
4. What is the Pakistani version of marbles called ?
5. What is special about kite flying in Pakistan?

B—Composition

1. Imagine yourself in a kite tangle with an expert kite-flyer. Describe the whole sight in an essay of about 150 words.
2. Describe the game of 'gulli danda' in a paragraph of about 80 words. Remember you have to use your own words.

C—Grammar

Turn to the exercises in Lesson 7 (Under Water World Part I) and change the conversation into reported speech once again using reporting verbs 'asked' and 'answered'.

13—MUJADDID ALF-I-SANI

Feroze Shah, the Tughlaq king of India, was returning from the Punjab to his capital, Delhi. With him was a saint whom he greatly respected. One day Feroze Shah camped near a forest. The saint dreamt that, that spot would witness the birth of a great soul who would teach and practise Islam in its purity and stand against evil, sin and tyranny. He would have countless followers and would give a new life to religion. Feroze Shah ordered the setting up of a town on this site. Two other great saints of the time, Imam Rafiuddin and Boo Ali Shah Qalandar of Panipat laid the foundations of the city at the request of the king.

The local tradition says that the forest was full of wild tigers so that the town established in the neighbourhood came to be known as Sher-e-Hind, meaning tiger of India. In time the same name was shortened to Sarhand and the town is still known by this name.

Sarhand attracted learned people from far-off places among whom was a family of Farooqis, or the descendants of Hazrat Omar Farooq. This family was noted for its learning and piety. One of its descendants in the 16th century A.D. (10th century A.H.), Sheikh Abdul Ahad, had an unusual dream one night. He saw the world plunged in darkness out of which a throne came flying. On the throne was seated a saintly person of great dignity. To his presence were brought evildoers and tyrants to be punished and executed. When Sheikh Abdul Ahad woke up he related his dream to a saint who said, "The dream signifies that a son will be born to you. He will fight wickedness and tyranny and will thus spread the light of religion." Sheikh Abdul Ahad was very pleased to be told that he would be father to such a son.

Thus in 971 A. H. (16th century A. D.) was born at Sarhand the child in whose honour Feroze Shah Tughlaq had built a new town long before his birth. The child was named 'Ahmad' by his parents and when he grew up he came to be known as Mujaddid Alf-i-Sani or one who is a reviver of true Faith in the second Millennium after the Holy Prophet (millennium means a period of 1,000 years).

Even in his earlier years, Ahmad was no ordinary child. Sheikh Abdul Ahad, being a very learned man himself, took the child's education in his own hands. Ahmad was a child of unusual intelligence and a very quick learner. At the age of 17 Ahmad had not only learnt all that could be taught at Sarhand but had also memorised the entire Holy Book. He then spent some time teaching other people and thus acquired a firm grasp of what he had himself learnt.

Akbar the Great then ruled India and his capital, Agra, was a seat of learning and culture. Ahmad naturally thought of visiting that place to meet the most famous scholars of the day. There he exchanged views with many learned men including Abal Fazal and Faizi, the two learned brothers and close companions of the Emperor. They were both greatly impressed by the scholarship of the young man. After a brief stay at Agra, Ahmad returned to Sarhand where he continued teaching and preaching.

Ahmad was born at a very critical time in the history of the Muslims of South Asia. Akbar had not come under the influence of his pious father, Humayun. When he was an infant he had been carried away by his uncle who had completely neglected his education. Humayun regained his kingdom after several years' exile, but he died soon after. Akbar was left as ignorant as before. Consequently, he came to rule over the Mughal Empire at a tender age without any fixed ideas about religion.

Akbar, however, knew one fact too clearly. His father had once lost his kingdom and had lived in exile for many years. He came to believe that Humayun's misfortune was caused by the fact that the majority of his subjects, who were Hindus, did not care to help him against his enemies. He now decided to win the love and loyalty of his Hindu subjects at all costs. Since he had not much knowledge of religion, he followed the policy of putting more and more restrictions on the Muslims. Unfortunately there gathered round him a group of free-thinkers and selfish scholars who supported him and, in time, led him to believe that he was the deputy of God on earth and could make what changes he liked in religion.

The majority of the Muslim nobles and *Ulema* were grieved at this state of affairs, but suffered in silence. Some of them, however, opposed the Emperor boldly and rebuked him publicly. The Emperor was enraged. Ahmad, the great religious man of his time, observed what was happening. He was determined to fight the evil conditions and began preaching the true Faith through word of mouth and through his writings. God had blessed him with such ability to win people's hearts that thousands and thousands were moved by him and they gave up the wicked beliefs of the imperial court. Ahmad, even sent a message to the Emperor through some of his noblemen. It said, "Your empire, your power and your army will all come to nought one day. Repent before that day arrives. Turn to the Prophet and Allah and ask forgiveness for your sins." Akbar ignored this message and continued to follow his policy.

Ahmad carried on his own work. He knew that power really belongs not to kings but to the people. He, therefore, bent all his efforts to preaching the true Faith and practised it himself. Wherever he heard of a man of God, he eagerly sought him out and stayed with him to learn what he could. In this way he came under the **influence of Khawaja Baqi Billah a great saint of Delhi.**

When Akbar died, his son Jahangir succeeded him as the Emperor of India. He did not share all his father's religious views, so he cancelled several laws and customs which offended the believers. But he did believe in some of Akbar's customs and allowed them to continue. These included prostration or *Sijda* before the Emperor. This is most strictly forbidden by Islam because prostration is due only to God, the Master and Creator of all. Moreover, Jehangir was not strong enough in character, or in belief, to strictly enforce his reforms and many of Akbar's customs continued.

Ahmad now redoubled his efforts of reformation. His influence grew so much that his name resounded all over northern India. The chief noblemen of the Emperor became his disciples or followers and the true Faith gained greater acceptance day by day. Ahmad was hailed as Mujaddid Alf-i-Sani—the reviver of the true Faith in the second millennium—and the small town of Sarhand became the centre of a powerful movement. The Mujaddid's disciples worked everywhere, even in the Emperor's army and won people over to the practice of the true Faith.

Some evil advisers of the Emperor, who feared for themselves, misguided Jehangir. They told him that the Mujaddid preached a new religion and called himself a Prophet. They said, moreover, that the Mujaddid was spreading disloyalty in the Emperor's armies to establish his own empire. Jehangir called him to his court and questioned him about his beliefs. The Mujaddid answered him frankly and truly. Jehangir was convinced that the Mujaddid preached only the true Faith and nothing more. The hostile nobles then reminded the Emperor that Ahmad had not prostrated himself before him. Jehangir demanded why he had not done so and asked him to do so now. The Mujaddid answered, "Prostration is due only to Allah and to no one else." Jehangir wished to let the matter rest so he desired the Mujaddid to bow his head only. The Mujaddid refused to do even that and declared, "God alone is worthy to receive that devotion." The nobles now whispered to the Emperor, "Ahmad is sowing seeds of rebellion against you. He must be punished as a traitor." Jehangir sent the Mujaddid to the royal prison fortress of Gwalior.

The Mujaddid found a large number of other prisoners there including men of various faiths. He devoted his life now to preaching to the prisoners and in a few months they were all converted to the true Faith. In the meantime many powerful nobles of Jehangir, who were disciples of the Mujaddid were restless because of his imprisonment. They at last lost patience and decided to rise in revolt against the Emperor. They sought the Mujaddid's permission to do so. He, however, wrote letters which forbade them and commanded them to obey the Emperor He also foretold that he would himself be soon released from imprisonment.

Jehangir had by now repented of his treatment of the Mujaddid. When he happened to see one of these letters he was deeply moved by it. He gave orders for the Mujaddid's release, called him to his court and kept him with himself for the next few years. The Mujaddid died at Sarhand in1035 A.H. (17th century A.D.) at the age of 63. His name lives to this day and we all remember him with love and honour as a man of character and great piety. May God have mercy on him ! Amen.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. Who was Feroze Tughlaq?
2. What dream did the saint have?
3. Why is Sarhand so named?
4. What dream did Abdul Ahad have?
5. What did Ahmad do immediately after he completed his education?
6. What did Abul Fazal and Faizi think about him?
7. Why could Akbar get no education?

B—Composition

1. Describe in 100—150 words the account of the life of Mujaddid Alf-i-Sani.

2. Relate in 150—200 words what happened to the Mujaddid in the days of Jehangir.

C—Grammar

Look at these sentences.

The teacher said, "Stop writing."
The teacher told them to stop writing.
"Let my book lie open," said the boy.
The boy asked them to let his book lie open.
"Charge at the enemy!" said the commander.

The Commander ordered his men to charge at the enemy.

Sentences which contain a request, an order or an advice are called imperative sentences.

The above examples show how such sentences can be changed into reported speech. The reporting verb is changed to indicate whether it is a command or a request or an advice etc., and the inside verb is changed to an infinitive (the form of the verb with 'to' before it).

Change the following into the indirect form supplying suitable reporting verbs.

1. Hasan said to his brother, "Put on the light, please."
2. The teacher said to the pupils, "Wait a moment."
3. The man said to the driver, "Don't be so slow."
4. The trainer said to the boy, "Try again."
5. I said to my friend, "Come back tomorrow, please."
6. The goat said to the kid, "Don't be afraid of the shepherd."
7. The mistress said to the servant, "Do the cleaning again. The room looks very untidy."
8. The man said to his master, "Do not speak to me like that."

14 - ECHOING GREEN

The sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the spring;
The skylark and thrush.

The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,

And soon they all say:
'Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth-time were seen
On the Echoing Green.

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

[*William Blake*]

Notes:

Line 10 Echoing—full of noise
Green— grassy plot
„ 12 Care—worry
„ 30 Darkening—growing dark

15—POMPEII

There is a volcanic mountain in the south of Italy, about 15 kilometres south-east of Naples, called Vesuvius. It rises in the centre of a fertile plain to a height of nearly one thousand metres above sea-level. This volcano is one of the few active ones in the world, and has erupted at least eighteen times since history has been recorded. Innumerable lives have been taken by this volcano, yet people still build cities near it, mainly because the soil of the plain is rich in volcanic ash and minerals. The climate of this area is also pleasant and equable, so many people go there in the summer during their holidays.

In the year 79 A.D., when the Roman Empire was still rich and powerful, it was also used as a holiday resort by wealthy Romans. A fashionable city called Pompeii had grown on the southern side of the volcano, near the Bay of Naples. In fact, this city attracted so much trade that it developed into an important centre for culture and art. Magnificent buildings in the classical Roman style were built; statues and paintings adorned both private and public places. The chief public buildings were the Temple of Jupiter, the Temple of Venus, The Basilica, the Temple of Mercury, the Curoa and the Temple of Augustus. There was also a huge amphitheatre, a kind of circular stadium in which the rather cruel sports of the time gave entertainment to the rich citizens. There was a well-built theatre in which famous dramatists put on performances of their plays. The permanent population of the town, which was about 30,000 showed every sign of prosperity with their neat and well-designed homes, excellent sanitary and disposal systems, broad paved streets and parks and gardens. They lived in the shadow of a great volcano, but no warnings of trouble had been given for many years, and there was no reason for alarm on that account. Sixteen years earlier, there had been a few rumblings, earth tremors and explosions inside the mountain, but it had all quietened down again.

The year 79 A.D., had been like any other year. The tourist season had commenced about the middle of May, and had carried on without much trouble till the end of August. The Roman Empire was no longer as rich and powerful as it had been, but Emperor Titus was secure on his throne, and Rome was still the most advanced centre of science, art and civilisation in the world. White-robed senators and wealthy Romans and their families flocked to Pompeii and the neighbouring villages of Herculaneum and Stabiae. And yet, it was a strange mixture of civilisation and barbarity. The most popular sports were brutal and inhuman. Slaves captured from other countries were made to fight each other in the amphitheatre. They were called Gladiators. Many of them volunteered for this sport because it gave them a certain amount of freedom and also, if they were good, a certain amount of popularity. Sometimes, if they performed exceptionally well, they were given full freedom. But usually, life came to an end quickly for them, and with no reward whatsoever. It depended largely on the mood of the crowd. After defeating his opponent, a gladiator would hold him helpless on the ground with his weapon raised over him, while he looked round at the audience, especially at the box where important senators used to sit. If the thumbs down signal was given, he killed his opponent. If he saw the thumbs up sign, he released him. It is sad to relate that the thumbs-down sign was given much more often than the other. The frenzied mob usually wanted blood for its satisfaction. Sometimes, instead of fighting each other, the gladiators were forced to fight lions or other wild animals which were kept almost starving in cages near the walls. It was with savage spectacles like these that these rich, cultured men and women entertained themselves.

Not always, however. They found time for beautiful and lasting things also. Those who became tired of the blood and danger of the amphitheatre could find enjoyment in the theatre. Many famous plays by the best Roman dramatists were performed in Pompeii. And those who wanted peace and quiet could take a leisurely walk along the streets and admire the fine buildings, or look across the Bay of Naples, or enjoy the matchless scenery of south Italy.

On the morning of 24 August, Vesuvius began to rumble and throw off large quantities of smoke and ash. Except for a very few of them the people saw no cause for alarm, because this had happened many times before. By noon, however, earthquake after earthquake shook the foundations of the city, and there was a series of explosions inside the mountain.

Quite a large number of families decided to leave the city. Some actually did so, and some took boats out into the Bay. But others were still thinking about it, or were telling themselves that it was not serious, or were wasting time getting their possessions together, when, with a terrible roar, the top of the volcano blew off.

Huge boulders shot out of the funnel of the mountain with the speed of bullets. These rained down on the surrounding country-side causing unimaginable ruin. Almost immediately, they were followed by earth tremors so violent that all but the strongest buildings came tumbling down. A tidal wave swept out into the Bay, wrecking many of the small boats and ships which were floating there; but the worst was yet to come. The steam and gases which had been trapped inside the volcano, and which had been building up pressure for years, now come bellowing up out of the top, carrying volcanic ash and poisonous fumes with them. There was no escape for the city of Pompeii and the other small towns at the foot of the volcano. White-hot stones, ash and deadly sulphurous gases bombarded them for several hours killing all but a lucky few, and burying them under a thick layer. Later came the molten lava, flowing down the sides of Vesuvius, cooling as it went, hardening into a dense surface and compressing everything beneath it. Pompeii just vanished from the face of the earth, under a mass which is about six metres thick even now.

It was not until nearly seventeen hundred years later that some interest was taken in it again. In 1755, portions of the old city were cleared, revealing the amphitheatre and the theatre. The digging has gone on since then, and now, most of its interesting features have been brought to light. The drama of a dying city can be seen in the charred, broken buildings, the shattered doors and windows, and the skeletons of men and animals preserved in the hardened ash. You can make out the way the ancient Pompeians lived from their stoves and utensils, some of which are still intact. Many of the art treasures of the town were unearthed in good condition, and can still be seen in the museum in Naples. The villa in which Diomedes lived and the houses of Sallust and Marcus Aurelius can still be recognised, as can the temples mentioned earlier. The volcanic ash had hardened around the dead bodies of men and animals, so that by pouring plaster-of-Paris into it, archaeologists could reconstruct detailed models of those figures of long ago. There has been a rich yield in statues, busts, mosaics, wall-paintings and half-burnt manuscripts, all of which have helped historians to draw a true picture of those ancient times.

Pompeii and Herculaneum exist once more, though not as teeming, bustling towns, but as curiosities for sight-seers and archaeologists. And on the same surface, not far away, you can find the modern villages of Resina and Portici, also thriving in the deadly presence of Vesuvius, which has not erupted since 1906, though it has rumbled often.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. Where is the volcano Vesuvius?
2. Where was the city of Pompeii situated?
3. What kind of sports did the Romans enjoy in the amphitheatre?
4. Name some of the temples found in Pompeii.
5. Who were the gladiators?

6. What was the year of the eruption that destroyed Pompeii?
7. When did the digging out of Pompeii begin?
8. What have the diggings revealed?

B—Composition

(*a*) Write a paragraph describing a volcanic explosion. The pupils will need help from the teacher to attempt this exercise.

(*b*) Imagine yourself to be one of the lucky ones who escaped from Pompeii. Describe what you felt and saw in an essay of about 150 words.

C—Grammar

Sentences which express strong feelings are called exclamations. See how such sentences can be changed into reported speech.

1. "Hullo, how are you?" Hasan said to his friend.

   Hasan greeted his friend and asked him how he was.

2. The captain said, "Hurrah! We have won the match."

   The captain exclaimed with joy that they had won the match.

3. The girl said, "How delightful these flowers are!"

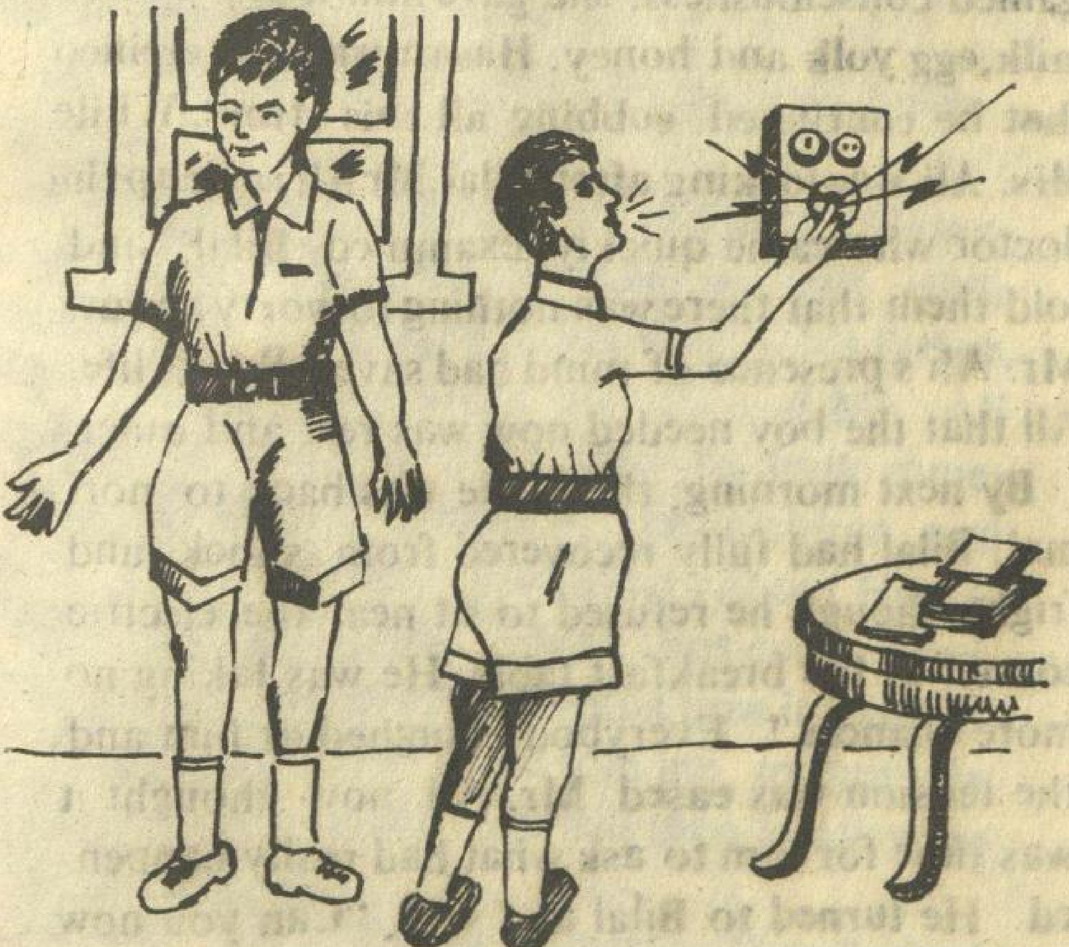
   The girl said in delight that those were very lovely flowers.

Now turn the following into reported speech:

1. "Hullo," Hasan said to Bilal, "Where have you been?"
2. "Assalam-o-alaikum, Hasan," said Bilal, "How are you?"
3. The mountaineers said, "What a splendid view it is!"
4. The athlete said, "Hurrah! I have established a new school record."
5. The old man said, "Alas, I have lost all my money!"

16—SAFETY AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL

It was a quiet Saturday afternoon. Mr. Ali had come home and was sitting in the garden reading a book. Hasan and Bilal, his two sons, had returned from school and were playing in their room. Mrs. Ali was getting the tea ready. Suddenly, shouts were heard from the children's



room. The shouts were loud and panicky. Both Hasan and Bilal seemed to be crying at once. Mr. Ali went running in and he was startled by what he saw. Bilal was stuck to the electric socket and Hasan was running about in terror. Mr. Ali rushed to the main switch, turned off the current and ran back to help Bilal, who had fallen to the floor. He was immediately put to bed and given a rub-down by his mother. When he regained consciousness, she gave him a cup of hot milk,egg yolk and honey. Hasan was so terrified that he continued sobbing all this time. While Mrs. Ali was looking after Bilal.Mr.Ali rang up the doctor who came quickly, examined Bilal, and told them that there was nothing to worry about. Mr. Ali's presence of mind had saved Bilal's life. All that the boy needed now was rest and quiet.

By next morning, the home was back to normal. Bilal had fully recovered from shock and fright, though he refused to sit near the electric toaster at the breakfast table. He was taking no more chances ! Everybody laughed at him and the tension was eased. Mr. Ali now thought it was time for him to ask what had really happened. He turned to Bilal and said, "Can you now tell us, Bilal, what exactly made you play with the electric socket yesterday? Bilal felt very shy and was reluctant to answer. Mrs. Ali encouraged him, "Come, child. There is no harm in telling your father what happened, we won't be angry with you, now". Bilal stammered, "Mother, I have always wondered at the magic of electricity, I looked at the lamp which has been standing dead and dark in the corner all day. The moment father plugs it in, it begins to glow brightly as if it has come to life. I wished to know how it happens."

Mother: Why didn't you ask one of your elders to explain it to you?

Bilal looked at Hasan and hesitated. Hasan, who had been looking at Bilal all this while could not look straight in the face of his father. There was an awkward silence and Mr. Ali realised that his son was trying to hide something. He smiled, looked at the children and said, "Come on Bilal. Don't worry about Hasan. Tell us the whole truth." Bilal, thus encouraged, said, "Father, I asked Hasan Bhai how it happened. He did not know so he told me to put my finger into the socket. We will then know what happens, he said."

Mr. and Mrs. Ali were surprised. They looked at Hasan and Mr. Ali asked him if it was true. Hasan hesitated, looked at his mother and said; "Mother, Father had given me a book on the life of Thomas Edison."

Father: (puzzled) What has that book got to do with your advising Bilal to get an electric shock?

Hasan: Well, whenever Edison wanted to know why something happened he experimented on himself. Now Bilal wanted to know what happened to the lamp when it was plugged in so I told him to find out by plugging in his fingers."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Ali burst out laughing. Then Mr. Ali said, "I do not know whether I should be angry with you or not. Life in a modern home is far more complicated than it was when Edison lived. And Edison himself is responsible, more than anyone else, for making it so. You have to be very much more careful how you live these days.'

Hasan: I do not follow you, father.

Father: Ask your mother what were the two most dangerous things in homes when we were children.

Bilal: Tell us mother.

Mother: It is quite simple. When we were children we lived in a small town without electricity. So, children hurt themselves either by playing with fire or with a knife.

Hasan: I understand now.

Father: In those days naughty or curious children would wonder how a tiny match stick, when struck against a rough surface, produced sparks and flame. Matches had then to be kept out of the reach of children and they were told not to play with them. Even then some children hurt themselves by not obeying their parents.

Mother: When both of you were very young, I never allowed a box of matches to be left where you could get at it. Though the matches these days are not so dangerous as they were in the days of our childhood.

Bilal: How are they less dangerous now?

Father: Matches we use now-a-days are safety matches. They cannot be lighted unless rubbed against the special surface provided on the match box itself. The matches in those days were different from these. A child could take away a match stick, rub it against a brick or any rough surface and it would light instantly. This caused many accidents. Then scientists made these modern and safer matches. Still you must never play with fire or matches these days because the use of synthetic fibres has greatly increased the risk of fire.

Hasan: What are synthetic fibres?

Mother: Cloth made by man not from the natural thread like cotton, silk, jute, wool or flax, but from thread made of chemicals. This has many names, the commonest being nylon.

Bilal: O yes, I know. We are wearing nylon socks; aren't we Hasan Bhai?

Hasan: Yes we are. But mother, how are these dangerous?

Mother: Some of these synthetic fibres are highly inflammable, that is, they catch fire suddenly.

Father: Don't you remember that news in the paper about a young housewife who was burnt to death? She was sitting by the stove cooking lunch for her family when her nylon clothes caught fire and before anybody could come to her help, she had got so badly burnt that she could not be saved.

Hasan: Yes, I remember now. It was dreadful. Can't the scientists do something about it?

Father: They are trying hard and may succeed in their efforts. I recently saw a demonstration where a piece of synthetic cloth was sprinkled with petrol and a match was applied to it. The petrol caught fire and burnt brightly. When, however, all the petrol had been burnt up, the fire went out and the piece of cloth remained absolutely unaffected by the fire.

Bilal: That is wonderful.

Father: Indeed, it is. But most synthetic cloth is highly inflammable and those wearing clothes made of synthetic fibres must take no risk while cooking in the kitchen or sitting by the fire.

Mother: We should be particularly careful of our scarves and *dopattas* for they are loose and light.

Father: Quite true.

Mother: The other article regarded as dangerous in our homes was a pointed or sharp instrument like a knife, a tin cutter or a pair of scissors. Children playing with these carelessly often hurt themselves. Even now you can take no chances with these things and should be very careful.

Father: The risk of hurting yourself with a sharp instrument has increased in the modern world.

Hasan: How?

Father: Our elders used to get themselves shaved by the barber who came every morning. Now life is too fast and too busy for that and nearly everybody keeps a razor and some blades for his use.

Mother: Blades are very much more dangerous than a knife. That is why your father keeps them so high up and carefully destroys the used blades.

Father: Yes, Bilal once had a mishap.

Hasan: What was that father?

Father: Even used blades are sharper than an ordinary kitchen knife. When Bilal was only three years old he came into the room one evening with his hands in the pocket of his shorts and blood dripping down his legs. Your mother screamed in terror. When I took his hands out I found that he had been playing with some old blades which I had carelessly left lying on the sink. Since then I have never left any blades, old or new, lying within your reach and you must never play with them even if you find them.

Hasan: But, father, I am old enough to sharpen my pencil with an old blade, now.

Father:I think you are; but it is safer and better to use a sharpener than a blade.

Mother: Another modern convenience we have to be very careful about is gas in the kitchen.

Bilal: Yes, Auntie has gas stoves and heaters installed in her house.

Father: It is a very clean and convenient fuel. But care is necessary in its use.

Mother: It is very poisonous as well as highly explosive. We must make sure that the tap is fully turned off when we are not using it.

Hasan: What will happen if we leave a tap on without tightening it? There is not much harm if we leave water taps running.

Mother: First of all it poisons our breath. If someone is asleep in a closed room with the gas tap on, he might be suffocated to death in the night. Secondly, if there is gas in the atmosphere and you light a match it will burn with an explosion. So, we must keep open the windows of the kitchen, when gas is being used, and we should not light a match, if we detect the presence of gas in the room on entering it. We should always turn off the gas tap securely after use.

Father: You must also be very careful of medicines whether mixtures or tablets. The bottles must always be properly labelled.

Mother: Even if they are labelled, children must not take anything not given to them by their parents or elders. Many medicines can be harmful for young children.

Father: We should never keep medicines within the reach of young children.

Mother: Quite right, dear.

Father: Hasan, do you know which is the most dangerous as well as the most interesting place in your school?

Hasan: I am sure, I don't know.

Mother: Think carefully.

Hasan: Surely, the most dangerous and the most interesting place .... Yes, father, I know. You mean the school laboratory.

Father: True. I mean the chemistry laboratory of your school. It is the most interesting place because the experiments you do there are so absorbing. Yet, all the acids and chemicals lying around can be most dangerous if you are thoughtless in handling them.

Hasan: Only a few days ago a boy burnt himself badly there. He poured several liquids in a test tube to see what would happen. The tube burst with a bang and the mixture spilt over the boy's clothes and hands.

Father: Did any of it fall on his face?

Hasan: No.

Father: He was very lucky, indeed. If it had gone in his eyes he might have been blinded for life. That is why you must be very ,very careful in using the chemicals in the chemistry laboratory and follow the instructions of your teacher.

Mother: Well. You have now learnt never to be too free with electricity. You must never touch the works of radio or television sets or any other electrical gadget when the current is on.

Bilal: But mother you use the electric iron when the current is on.

Mother: Yes, I do. It is so made as to be used that way. Still if we stand on a wooden board while using the electric iron, we will be safer.

Hasan: Thank you for telling us so many useful things. I think we will be more careful in future.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. Why were the children shouting?
2. What did Mr. Ali do at once?
3. Why did Bilal not sit near the toaster next morning?
4. What did he say had happened?
5. What were the two most dangerous things in homes in olden days ?

6. What are synthetic fibres?
7. Why are they dangerous?
8. Why has the risk of hurting yourself with a sharp instrument increased in the modern home?
9. Why should we avoid taking medicines not meant for us?
10. Why is the school laboratory called 'the most interesting and the most dangerous place' by Mr. Ali?

B—Composition

Describe in a paragraph of 120—150 words what happened to Bilal and why.

C—Grammar

The greater part of this lesson is in direct speech. Turn into reported speech the conversation beginning with: He turned to Bilal and said, "Can you now tell us, Bilal......." to..... understand now." Put any reporting verbs you use in the past tense.

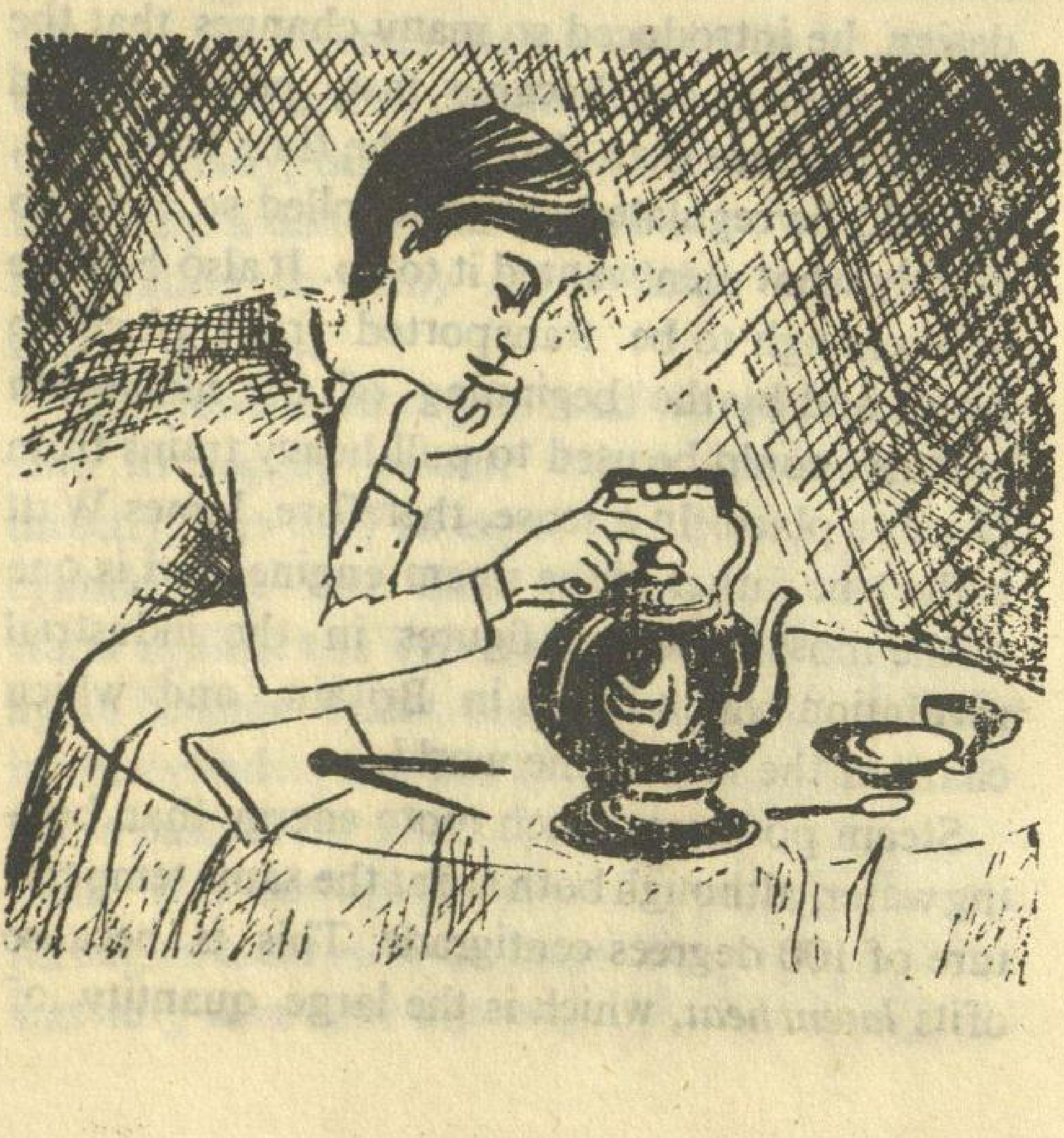
17—JAMES WATT

We take so much for granted today with regard to the many ingenious machines which serve us. Yet only two hundred years ago, even in the most advanced areas of the world, the few machines that existed had to be powered by animals or men. In some countries, men used falling water or strong winds to turn their mills, but this meant that the factories had to be placed close to mountain streams or in places where there was hope that the wind would blow continuously. These sources of power were neither convenient nor reliable, so very little progress took place in the development of useful machines.

Experiments with steam had taken place at odd places and times ever since 130 B. C., when a Greek inventor named Hero claimed to have produced a crude steam engine which rotated continuously. After this, the next important step was taken as late as 1698 when an Englishman named Thomas Savery constructed a working pumping set powered by steam. It was not until 1705, however, that steam began to be used generally for pumping out water from deep wells and mining shafts. The engines used for these pumps were designed by Newcomen, and they represented a great advance on all previous designs. In some respects they were similar to our modern steam engines in that the power was supplied by a piston moving inside a cylinder, but they were slow and cumbersome, and they wasted a great deal of heat and water. Despite this, the Newcomen engine can really be called the most important development in the history of machinery, because now it had become possible to tap a continuous source of power, and its application to many other fields was only a matter of time.

The Newcomen engine used atmospheric pressure to supply power. Steam was not used directly, but only to expel air from inside the cylinder. It was then cooled by a stream of water against the cylinder. On cooling, it once again became water, leaving a partial vacuum in the cylinder, and the pressure of the atmosphere pushed the piston downwards. This movement was converted into a pumping action through a cross beam or lever. The whole process was very slow and wasteful. The real energy of steam was not being used in the right way. A young Scotsman, James Watt, started his study of the Newcomen engine while he was working for Glasgow University. It is often said that Watt was the inventor of the steam engine, which is not strictly true. But he was the first to use steam directly as a source of power, rather than indirectly to push the piston by creating a vacuum. And, working on the Newcomen design, he introduced so many changes that the steam engine now became fast, powerful and efficient. More than that, by the time Watt died, it could be regulated and controlled so as to do exactly what men wanted it to do. It also became light enough to be transported from place to place, and by the beginning of the nineteenth century, could be used to pull heavy trains from place to place. In a sense, therefore, James Watt is the true father of the steam engine, and is one of the most important figures in the industrial revolution which began in Britain, and which changed the face of the world.

Steam possesses much more energy than boiling water, although both are at the same temperature of 100 degrees centigrade. This is because of its *latent heat*, which is the large quantity of heat required to change boiling water into steam. This heat can be changed into pressure, and that is why steam is such a convenient source of energy. Apart from this, it can be moved quickly from one place to another through tubes, under its own pressure. There is a story, which is perhaps not true, that Watt first discovered the power of steam as a child. His aunt was boiling water in a kettle, and Watt tried to prevent the



steam from coming out of its spout with a spoon. He found that his hand was not strong enough to do so. The steam just pushed the spoon away. Even though this story is not true, there is no doubt that Watt understood a great deal about the properties of steam and the best way of using it, by the time he went to the University, where he was appointed instrument-maker in 1757. He was twenty-one years old at that time.

Some years later, he became a civil engineer, and worked on canals and harbours. His inventive mind produced many ideas for improvement of various kinds of engines, and some of these were accepted and carried out. During this period he did not do much work on the steam engine, although the ideas he had for its development were all there in his brain. At last, he decided to put these ideas into practice, so, in 1775 he went into partnership with a silversmith named Matthew Boulton, and set up the company known as Boulton and Watt, in Birmingham. In talking about Watt we must not forget Boulton, who supplied encouragement, money and business sense, and without whom perhaps Watt would not have changed his dreams into reality. After all, so many clever inventors have carried their ideas with them into the grave, or have never gone beyond making a few drawings or writing down their theories. Inventing is not easy. An idea, no matter how good on paper, might not work in fact. Even if there is a chance of its working, it might need a lot of testing, rebuilding and wastage before it succeeds, and all this costs money.

The first of Watt's improvements consisted in condensing the steam in a separate cylinder which was attached to the cylinder. This greatly reduced the wastage of steam in the Newcomen engine. The next improvement was the most important one. A jet of steam was directed against the piston, and this forced the piston downwards inside the cylinder. The result was swift stroke with a lot of power. Simple cranking handles had been used at water-wells for years, and Watt saw in them a way to change an up-and-down movement into a circular or rotatory movement. Newcomen's engine had gone up and down slowly. Watt's engine spun round rapidly, and with great power. Here at last was an effecttive first mover. Its importance in man's ability to master his surroundings cannot be ignored.

More refinements were introduced rapidly so that by the time Watt retired from the business in 1800, his engine was almost as modern as the ones we see today. He closed both ends of the cylinder and forced steam into it from both sides alternatively, so that the power of an engine of the same size was doubled. He attached the crank to a large, heavy wheel, which made the whole cycle smooth and continuous. Among many other changes was the 'governor', an instrument which controlled the admission of steam in such a way as to keep the speed of rotation uniform. He also devised an indicator to test changes in steam pressure. His original models have hardly been improved upon since.

The age of industry had started. Man had at last managed to harness and control a source of power. The beginnings had been made, no matter how humble, and we in the twentieth century with all its mechanical marvels are apt to lose sight of those beginnings. Perhaps someone other than James Watt might have made a successful source of power if he had decided to experiment with his ideas. But there is the chance that this might not have happened, in which case we would still be living in a world of hand labour, animal power and horse drawn carriages. It is to a handful of those highly talented, courageous men that we owe the great progress which has taken place in the world.

Watt died at the age of eighty-three. His name is most closely associated with the development of the steam engine. But he also improved a variety of other machines, among which was letter-copying press.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. Who developed the first practical pumping engine ?
2. What was Watt's most important improvement on it?
3. Why is steam a useful source of power?
4. Who was Boulton?
5. Why is the Watt's engine so important in the history of human development?
6. What other improvement in the steam engine and other machines were introduced by Watt?

B—Composition

(*a*) Describe the working of Newcomen engine in a paragraph of 50—80 words.

(*b*) Write an essay on any important invention.

C—Grammar

Turn to the last lesson and change into reported speech the last part of the conversation starting with :

Father: Hasan, do you know which is the most dangerous.........
to the end of the lesson.

18–THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.
By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.
With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.
I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.
I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.
I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance,
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;
And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

[*A. Tennyson*]

Notes:

Line 1 haunt—feeding place.
Coot, hern—water-birds.
2 sally—rush (*Noun*)
4 bicker—rush (*Verb*)
7 thorps—villages.
9 fret—cut away.
10 fallow—uncultivated land.
11 foreland—cape: piece of land in front of something.
12 mallow—a wild flower.
19 lusty—healthy, strong.
20 grayling—fresh water fish.
21 gloom—(*Verb*) look darkly.
27 bars—sand banks.
28 cresses—water plants.

19—SIRAJ-UD-DAULA

Nawab Ali Vardi Khan, Governor of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa had no son. In 1719 his daughter gave birth to a very handsome child who was named Mirza Muhammad. He was given the title of Siraj-ud-Daula by his grandfather when he named him as his successor at the age of 17. He took over as Governor two years later on the death of Ali Vardi Khan. Ali Vardi Khan and his Begum bestowed special care on the training and upbringing of Mirza Mohammad. Renowned scholars and experts in the arts of warfare and administration were engaged for him. When he grew up Ali Vardi Khan associated him with his military campaigns against the Marathas who invaded the rich province of Bengal several times.

Siraj-ud-Daula lived in troubled times. The Mughal kings of Delhi were nominal rulers. The real rulers in the far-flung provinces like Bengal and Bihar were the local Governors or 'Subedars'. European powers, particularly the British and the French, wanted to take advantage of this situation and began to dream of conquering the entire South Asia. Both the British and the French were making friends with local rulers to carry out their plans. The Marathas who had gained the upper hand in the south, and were now hammering Bengal and Bihar, were willing to help any faction to further their own ambitions. The whole atmosphere was one of intrigue and treachery, where none could trust any one else.

The British had set up trade centres in Bengal, Bombay and Madras. For some time past they had been converting their trade houses into forts. Some of the Mughal Governors foresaw the dangers of this practice and stopped them from doing so. The Governors, Murshid Quli Khan and Ali Vardi Khan, had strongly forbidden both the European trading companies to converting their factories into forts. When Ali Vardi Khan received the news that the British were fortifying their trade centre at Calcutta, he sent for their representative and told him, "You are traders, you need no castles. You need not fear any enemy during my reign." He was a far-sighted ruler and advised his successor, Siraj-ud-Daula, to keep a watchful eye on the

British. He also told him, "If you allow the British to fortify their trade centres and to keep an army, the country will be lost to us."

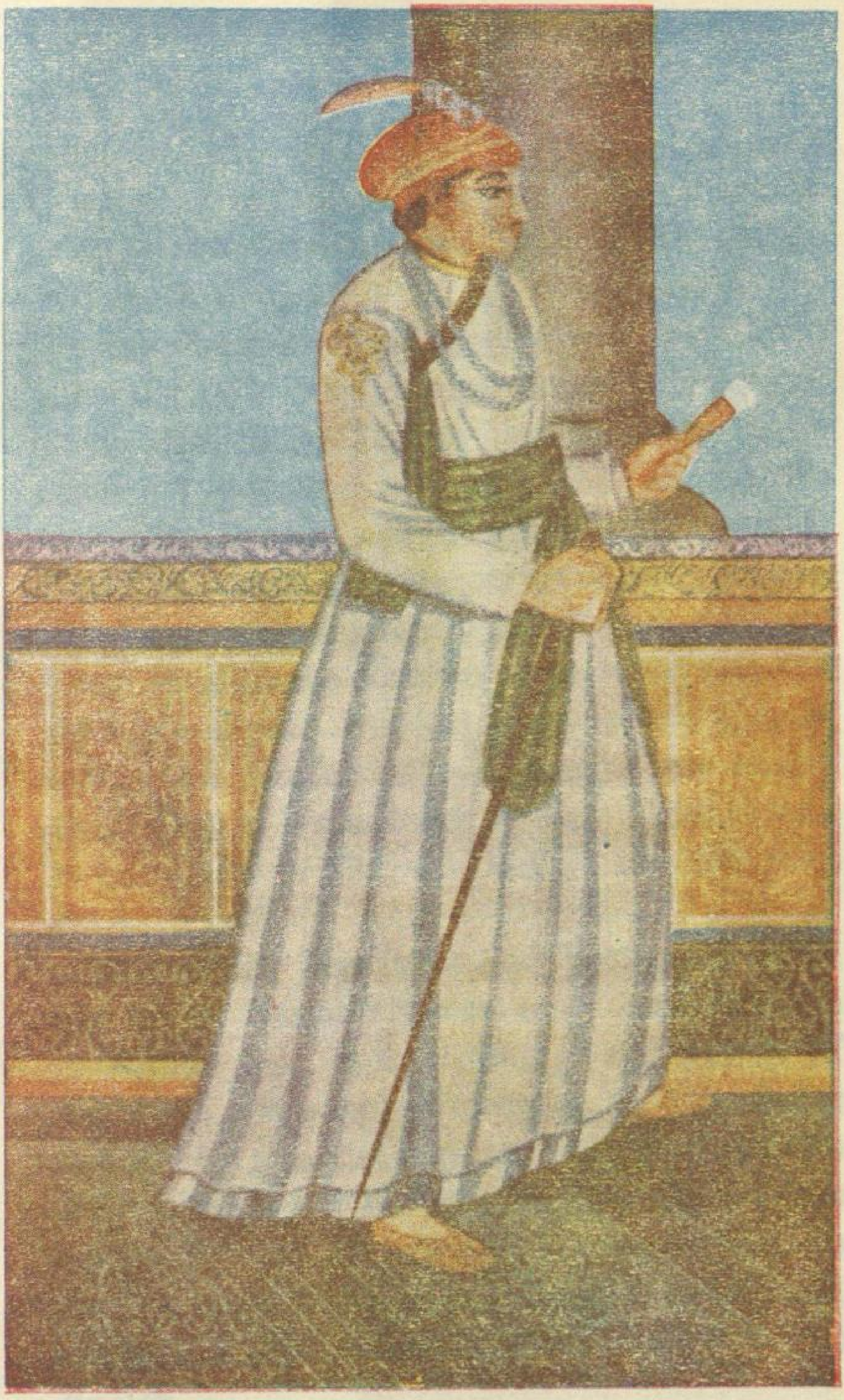
When Ali Vardi Khan passed away and the young Nawab Siraj-ud-Daula ascended the throne, the officials of the East India Company started building fortifications around their trade house at Calcutta and named it Fort William. Siraj-ud-Daula strongly disapproved of this. Then another incident widened their differences. A conspirator, Kishan Das, fled away from Murshidabad and took refuge with the British in Fort William. Siraj-ud-Daula addressed a letter to Drake, the British officer in charge of the Fort, asking him to return the fugitive, but Drake made no reply. Siraj-ud-Daula was thus compelled to take action. Siraj-ud-Daula advanced at the head of 50,000 soldiers and first besieged the British trade house at Qasimbazar. The British surrendered without offering any resistance and Admiral Watson was taken prisoner. This dealt a serious blow to British prestige. Then Siraj-ud-Daula advanced towards Calcutta. Elephants and bullocks pulled the heavy pieces of artillery. Siraj-ud-Daula showed great vigour in conducting this campaign. He covered a distance of 260 kilometres in 11 days which was a great feat for those times.

He reached Calcutta on 16th June, 1756. After fighting minor battles for two days, he conquered Fort William on 18th June. The commander of the British forces, Holwell, was brought, hands tied before Siraj-ud-Daula. Siraj-ud-Daula ordered that his hands be untied at once and promised that no harm would come to him. Most of the British troops fled to the ships kept ready in the river Hugli and escaped. A few who remained behind were taken prisoners. Siraj-ud-Daula went back to his capital, Murshidabad.

Drake escaped to Madras to narrate this tale of defeat. Clive had inflicted defeats on the French in several engagements in South India. He now collected a few ships and sailed to Bengal with a few hundred British soldiers. On arriving at Calcutta he wrote a letter to Siraj-ud-Daula apologising for the mistake of Drake and seeking permission to rebuild the trade house at Calcutta. Without waiting for a reply, he bombarded and occupied Fort William. Manak Chand, Siraj-ud-Daula's general, lost his nerve and fled away. Thus Clive easily recaptured the 'Fort' at Calcutta. This enraged Siraj-ud-Daula and he began to think of leading an attack on Fort William once again.

Clive knew that it would be difficult for him to defeat Siraj-ud-Daula in open battle. He, therefore, hatched a conspiracy to achieve his object. There were a large number of traitors in the Nawab's camp. Among them were Mir Jaffar, Valabh Ram, Jagat Seth and Omi Chand, an agent of Jagat Seth. Negotiations were started through Watson and terms were settled. Mir Jaffar, the commander of Siraj-ud-Daula's army, was promised the governorship of Bengal. It was planned that as soon as the battle against the British started Mir Jaffar would fall upon Siraj-ud-Daula and kill him.

Clive wanted to take no risks. He was not prepared to engage the Nawab in battle unless he was sure that everything would go according to plan. The band of traitors in the court of Siraj-ud-Daula advised their master to launch an attack on the British. They took oaths of loyalty and promised to fight to the last. Thus assured, Siraj-ud-Daula moved at the head of his army to Plassey, a place which has since become famous in the history of South Asia.



Nawab Siraj-ud-Daula

Clive also moved to Plassey with 3000 soldiers and the two armies faced each other for a life and death struggle.

Siraj-ud-Daula had two brave and loyal generals, Mir Madan and Raja Mohan Lal. They engaged the British and a fierce battle ensued. The shower of bullets and cannon fire from the British side caused much damage. Under the cover of a mango grove Mir Madan and his men crept close to the British artillery. They would have pounced upon it and put the British to flight. But just when victory was in sight, Mir Madan was struck by an enemy shell. One of his legs was blown off and he had to be carried to Siraj-ud-Daula. He was soon dead.

Meanwhile, Mir Jaffar had brought a large part of the Nawab's forces to a corner of the battlefield and was watching the course of the battle. Clive sent a message to Mir Jaffar to fulfil his promise and lend support to the British army. Mir Jaffar sent the reply that the troops fighting the British were faithful to Siraj-ud-Daula. As soon as they were defeated, he would give proof of his loyalty to the British.

By this time, the part of Siraj-ud-Daula's army actively engaged in the battle was losing ground. Siraj-ud-Daula now requested Mir Jaffar to move his forces into action. He told Siraj-ud-Daula that as the evening was drawing near, he would give battle to the British the next morning. He also treacherously advised Siraj-ud-Daula to withdraw the troops fighting under the command of Mohan Lal. Siraj-ud-Daula gave orders for withdrawal. Withdrawal caused confusion. Everybody fled for his life and the day ended in favour of the British. Siraj-ud-Daula fled for safety, and travelling throughout the night reached his palace at Murshidabad in the morning.

Mir Jaffar also reached Murshidabad the same day and was proclaimed Governor of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa. But he was, in fact, a puppet in the hands of the British who were now the real masters of one of the richest provinces of South Asia.A few hours earlier Siraj-ud-Daula escaped from Murshidabad with his womenfolk taking a rich collection of jewels and a large amount of money. Mir Jaffar despatched his son-in-law, Mir Qasim, to arrest the fugitives. Siraj-ud-Daula and his party were soon overtaken, arrested and brought to Murshidabad as prisoners.

Siraj-ud-Daula had been hardly in Murshidabad for three hours when a party of soldiers headed by Mir Jaffar's son was sent to put him to the sword. When Siraj-ud-Daula saw them coming, he guessed their intention, and asked for water to perform ablutions. Then he started offering his prayers. While he was doing this, the barbarous soldiers fell upon him and killed him.

Thus ended the life of a great freedom-fighter and a brave son of the soil. This great patriot fought against the British to the bitter end and laid down his life in an attempt to stem the tide of British advance. A quarter of a century later another great patriot, Tipu Sultan, did the same in the South. Siraj-ud-Daula will be remembered as a great patriot and Mir Jaffar as a conspirator and traitor. In fact, Mir Jaffar's name has passed on into our language for one who betrays his master.

Siraj-ud-Daula's period of governorship lasted for 14 months, from April 1756 to June 1757. But during this short period he found time to construct some majestic buildings. A white mosque and a yellow mosque facing each other on the river Hugli were built by him. An Imambara named Madina and a palace called Mansurganj were also built by him. The palace was so spacious that Clive said, "Three monarchs of Europe can easily be accommodated in this palace." Murshidabad had a population of several lakhs and there were 700 mosques in the city in the times of Siraj-ud-Daula.

Young Siraj-ud-Daula was a very popular ruler. He was loved by all classes of his subjects. When the news of his death was received, many people went into mourning. Raja Ram Narain, a local chief, wept bitterly and as he went round he was followed by a crowd of mourners in the Bazars of Murshidabad. Another chief, Badi-uz-Zaman put on the cloak of a hermit and renounced the world.

Siraj-ud-Daula was buried in the family graveyard of Nawab Ali Vardi Khan which is situated on the bank of the river Bhagirti near Murshidabad.

EXERCISES

A—Understanding

1. What do you know of Siraj-ud-Daula's childhood?
2. Why do we say that Siraj-ud-Daula lived in troubled times?
3. What were the British and the French doing to make themselves masters of South Asia?
4. What did Siraj-ud-Daula do when he heard of the British building fortifications around Fort William?
5. How did Clive deal with Siraj-ud-Daula when he came to Bengal from the Deccan?
6. How did Clive plan to overthrow Siraj-ud-Daula?
7. Where was the important battle fought between Siraj-ud-Daula and the British?
8. What was the result of this battle?
9. What were the causes of his defeat?
10. How did Siraj-ud-Daula meet his end?

B - Composition

Give in your own words an account of Siraj-ud-Daula's march on Fort William.

2. Give an account of the Battle of Plassey in about 150 words.

C—Grammar

Add suitable tenses of the verbs given in brackets.

1. The whole atmosphere was of intrigue and treachery where no one——trust anyone else. (can).
2. I shall chase him if he——to run away. (to try).
3. This man entered the service of the East India Company as a clerk, but——his job to become a soldier. (to leave).
4. You must not begin the race until the starter——the signal. (to give).
5. Clive was unwilling to move unless he——be sure of Mir Jaffar. (can).
6. The teacher said that we——take back our exercise books. (may).
7. Mir Jaffar gave his pledge and Clive——forward. (march).
8. The librarian promised that she——have the book next time. (will).
9. Had there been a Haider Ali in his place the story——have been different. (will).

10 I shall buy a new pen as soon as I——my pocket money. (to get).

ERRATA

Page No.	Line No.	Incorrect	Correct
52	10	journe y	journey
52	18	thong	throng

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قومی ترانہ

پاک سرزمین شاد باد   کِشورِ حَسِین شاد باد
تو نِشانِ عزمِ عالی شان   ارضِ پاکستان
مرکزِ یقین، شاد باد
پاک سرزمین کا نظام   قوّتِ اُخوّتِ عوام
قوم، مُلک، سلطنت   پائندہ تابِندہ باد
شاد باد منزلِ مُراد
پرچمِ ستارہ و ہلال   رہبرِ ترقی و کمال
ترجمانِ ماضی، شانِ حال   جانِ اِستقبال
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